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Whose Finger on the Swastika?

THERE are two views on the anti-Semitic revival which has begun in Germany with strange swastika outcrops in this and other countries. Some claim it is the work of a psychopathic fringe – the politically-conscious juvenile delinquents. It is argued that Nazism has been silently buried in the German sub-conscious; that its emergence, as a subject of public debate, was inevitable and even necessary for an effective cure. Now that the debate has come, these optimists say, it has revealed the existence of a few recidivists, but also, happily of millions of Germans who are prepared, publicly and unequivocally, to condemn the past.

But others point to the recent spread of neo-Nazi movements, particularly among German teen-agers. They argue, with ample evidence, that efforts to correct the bias of Nazi teaching in the schools have been feeble and ineffective. Most text-books gloss over Nazi crimes, and the few teachers who attempt to broach the subject are often victimised. An alarming number of teachers, indeed, actively propagate Nazi attitudes of mind, and work in conjunction with Hitler-trained youth leaders in the recruitment of Nazi-style bands. Any hope, these observers claim, that a new generation of Germans, untainted with Nazi doctrines, would arise to exorcise Hitler's ghost must therefore be abandoned.

Between these two extremes, where does the truth lie? It is perhaps too early to say. For the moment, moreover, the real danger is elsewhere – though the smeared Swastikas serve a purpose in drawing attention to it. Dr Adenauer does not share Hitler's doctrines. But throughout the last decade he has been re-creating the authoritarian climate in which they flourished. German democracy has degenerated into virtual one-party rule; and that party has become the servile instrument of a single will. Increasingly, Adenauer has staffed his government and his administration with men who flourished within the Nazi machine. The Goerings and Goebbels perished; the Krupps still flourish.

The Chancellor now condemns the recent outrages; but last year, in a telegram of good wishes on Friedrich Flick's 75th birthday, he referred to the 'great and amazing life of achievement, in long and self-sacrificing toil', of the man whose factories armed Hitler's armies through the sweat – and often the blood – of slave labour. The government may order vigorous measures against the anti-Semites; but who are the men supposed to enforce them? The police chiefs in Aachen, Bonn, Dortmund, Dusseldorf, Essen, Gelsenkirchen, Cologne – to name only a few – all held high rank in the SS. And of the judges, more than a thousand held similar office under Hitler.

With the return of these Nazi satraps, militant nationalism has once more become the centre of German orthodoxy. But here the West must share the blame. It was the West's unwillingness to provide the money and soldiers it believed necessary to defend the Cold War ramparts which forced a new *Wehrmacht* on a people which, at that time, was tinged with pacifism. Today, western governments complain, not that Germany now has seven divisions, but that she has failed so far to produce 12; not that she spends five per cent of her national income on arms, but that the figure is not double. It is the British Defence Ministry which is trying to persuade the Germans to share the development of our long-range missile, and eventually to equip it with British-made warheads; it is British and French firms which hope to provide the new Panzers; and it is US firms which are now financing the expansion of Heinkel, Messerschmitt and Dornier, all of which half a generation ago were employing slave-labour. Germany's new nationalism has its impulse and objective in reunification. But is this not official western policy? Germany's past is indivisible; we cannot extract only those features we find convenient. Yet this is exactly what we have attempted to do. We have nursed the German beast back to life hoping we could train it as a watchdog. Who are we to complain if the laws of nature prove too strong?

Comments on the Week's News

Disarmament: 1960 Prospects

The announcement that the US reserves the right to hold more nuclear tests is a victory for Dr Teller and his supporters. For over a year they have tried to invalidate the conclusions of the 1958 scientists' conference on test-control. Last year they persuaded the US Administration that the 1958 Nevada underground tests proved that the system of 180 control posts adopted at Geneva was not foolproof. Reluctantly, the Russians agreed to submit the new data to joint scrutiny. The team reported last month, and the Soviet experts rejected the US findings completely. Some US scientists now go even further. At a recent congress at the California Institute of Technology, a Rand Corporation report claimed that an underground cavern, 330 feet in radius, at a depth of 3,000 feet, could be used to reduce the shock-waves of a nuclear blast by 99.67 per cent. An explosion five times as great as the Hiroshima blast would therefore become virtually undetectable. The report is theoretical, and such a test-ground would take years, and many million of dollars, to prepare. But it will reinforce the case – now apparently accepted by President Eisenhower – that underground tests should be excluded, at present, from any agreement. The tragedy is that the Geneva test conference, which meets again on Tuesday, has now agreed to 17 out of 23 articles in the treaty; and the new Soviet proposals on 14 December should end East-West differences over the staffing of control-posts. Underground tests now form the one major problem left unresolved; but they could not only wreck the test-talks, but ruin the chances of the new ten-nation US committee which meets in March to re-open talks on general disarmament. The fact is, no inspection system can be made foolproof; but, even accepting US evidence – and there have been instances of sharp practice in the past – the risk of serious breaches of a test-ban treaty remains slight, and it is one which most reasonable men would agree is worth taking. After all, it is the West that has always insisted on the paramountcy of inspection; but now, when Russia has at last accepted not only the principle but virtually all the details, the West claims that it is unworkable. Can Russia be blamed for accusing us of insincerity?

Atrocities In Algeria

This week, *Le Monde* published lengthy extracts from a 270-page report by the International Red Cross on French internment and transit camps in Algeria. The Red Cross team visited 82 centres in all, during October and November. The report does not summarise its findings; it merely notes a certain improvement since its last survey, in 1958, but adds that its inquiries show that 'fundamental changes are indispensable, particularly in the sorting and transit camps'. The pattern revealed by the individual reports on each camp is bewildering in its variety. From one-third to one-half appear to be satisfactory, varying with the region. A great many are over-crowded; in some, conditions are described as 'miserable'. In one, set up more than three years ago, internees were sleeping on the ground, had no blankets and ate out of old tin-cans; all the punishment cells were full, and internees were described as 'completely terrorised'. The Red Cross states that complaints about this camp had been made on a previous visit, but that nothing had been done, and efforts had been made to conceal from inspectors sick or injured internees; one internee who was examined had certainly been tortured; from the attitude of the camp authorities, it was plain that conditions at this camp had been deliberately created. In many of the unsatisfactory camps, bad conditions were due to shortage of money or supplies; but frequent cases of torture were reported, and at one, the Commandant insisted that such methods were 'indispensable', though, he added, they were used only under the supervision of an officer. Many cases were recorded of internees killed 'while attempting to escape'. In one camp, there was a serious riot when internees refused to attend a showing of an indoctrination film. In a number of cases, the team's doctor examined internees who claimed to have tortured, and found their charges proved. The report gives some idea of the massive scale of French repression in Algeria, and of the atrocities which inevitably form part of it; it also reflects the squalor and hopelessness of a war which neither side can win. The Red Cross has deplored the 'leak' which led to publication; the response of the French government has been to confiscate copies of *Le Monde* in Algeria, and to seize the entire issues of *Liberation* and *Le Patriote de Nice*, for commenting on the report.

No Compromise In Peking

The marathon historical document which the Chinese Foreign Ministry addressed to Nehru this week again shows that, while the Indian Premier assumed China's friendly intentions and readiness to compromise on disputed points, Chou En-lai had made up his mind simply to occupy any territory which pre-revolutionary China had at any time conquered. Historically, British and Chinese imperialists struggled for the control of Tibet and for other remote Himalayan territories. The Simla Conference of 1913 reflected the *status quo* at a time when China was weak and not exercising her suzeranty over Tibet. In this latest note, Communist China demands areas which were not even then claimed by the Chinese delegate and asserts that Peking was ignorant of diplomatic exchanges between the British and Tibetan delegates, although the Chinese delegate (disavowed afterwards by Peking) initialled the agreed map with the McMahon Line marked plainly across it. At every point, Chou En-lai now repudiates the idea of compromise and blandly assumes the validity of the most extreme Chinese case that can be supported by documents. The approach is in fact one of political warfare and not of *panch sila*. Now that China has unilaterally challenged India by sending troops into certain areas, the long undelimited frontier is open to argument in every village, and the remotest Himalayan stream becomes a danger zone. It was sharp practice on Chou En-lai's part to suggest a conference at a week's notice. This latest note, presumably his intended brief, compells India to state her own case in reply.

The 'Lazy' British Workman

Tory propagandists and Labour re-thinkers share in the admiration of the new 'statist' economic system we have in Britain. But is Mr. Butler's target of 'doubling the standard of life in 25 years really being achieved? The Chancellor – usually a scrupulous man – recently quoted the increase of over 2½ per cent in personal real income since 1955 – completely suppressing the fact that domestic production has hardly increased by one per cent: this difference is accounted for by a fall in the price of the food and raw materials we import, cuts in investment expenditure and the relative decline in investment. Unfortunately neither the Parliamentary Labour Party nor the TUC has pointed to the dangers of the prevailing complacency. In putting forward their demand for a cut in the working week, the TUC did not emphasise that it is the constant emphasis on consumption, and especially on the consumption of durable goods through cuts in direct taxation, that has distorted the balance of Britain's advance to a better life. Germany in the past six years has increased its industrial production by 70 per cent, Britain by only 23 per cent. In consequence the working week, which was over 53 hours after the war has been reduced in Germany to 41.5 hours – against 45.3 in this country. As in Russia, they are now beginning to contemplate 35 hours as a realistic target: yet German real wages have risen (and continue to rise) far faster than ours. If we take into account the fringe benefits – pensions, sick benefits, low rents, they have probably reached the British level. If present trends continue, Germany will certainly be ahead of us soon.

The Bow Group On Africa

The memorandum *Africa – New Year 1960* is, like all Bow Group publications, a serious and thoughtful document. It indicates that government policy in Central Africa and in Kenya does not represent by any means all intelligent Conservative thought. The recommendation that Dr Banda should be released, that the right of assembly, freedom of movement, and the rule of law should be restored, and that a representative constitution should quickly be introduced into Nyasaland, is in accord with Labour and Liberal policies. So is the wise counsel to refrain from provoking another outbreak in Nyasaland by granting additional powers to the Federation. On Kenya the idea of a constitutional timetable with the declared aim of democratic independence has long been pressed by the Labour Party and resisted by the government. In approving it the Bow Group suggests 1965 as the date for responsible government and 1970 as the date for independence. Here they show that even progressive Conservatives share with their colleagues that lack of real insight into the Africa situation. It is inconceivable that Kenya Africans will be content to wait another five years for responsibility when they see their friends in Uganda and Tanganyika achieving it within the next 12 months. It is no longer possible to isolate political movements in Africa, especially on the grounds that there are large European communities in particular countries. If Britain is to retain the influence in the continent which the Bow Group rightly desires, British governments will have first to comprehend the political forces which have now been released and which interact in all parts of Africa.

Work for Wives

'With single women employed today at nearly the same high rate as men, married women are the only untapped labour source left in our society. It would therefore seem imperative to investigate the conditions under which this reserve can be drawn upon', concludes a booklet, *Working Wives*, published this week by the Institute of Personnel Management. It reflects the startling change in British life that this can seem a sensible comment even though one-third of married women – some four million – are already at work. More would like to be not only for the increased comfort the money can buy, but because times hangs heavy on their hands and because work creates fresh interests. An investigation would probably reveal that industry and commerce could often be reorganised to make it possible to employ more married women in skilled and part-time work. What effects precisely all this has on home-life, and on the children of marriages in which both parents are at work, is, however, uncertain. An investigation is equally imperative here. *Working Wives* suggests that women tend to look for jobs when their children have reached school age: 'it is, however, a notable fact that in our sample nearly one-third (32 per cent) of the married women in employment have one or even two children under the age of five . . .'. Whether this situation is harmful; what effect it produces on a child to come home every day from school to an empty house; how much deliquency derives from it: all these are important and unanswered questions. What emerges incidentally from the survey is that in many households the husband's wage is no longer near enough to give people the standard of life they have been persuaded to expect.

Employing the Ex-Prisoner

Most people who concern themselves to keep discharged prisoners in honest work and out of gaol know at least one man, at any one time, who has arrived in despair at the verge of a fresh series of crimes. The despair is that of the social reject whom no one will employ, often because he is 'too old' as well as lacking a 'good character'. Could employers be equitably required by law to give work to a percentage of ex-prisoners, as they now have for 15 years in the case of the physically disabled? A strong but unofficial committee is now being formed on the initiative of Mr Peter Thompson, the London public relations consultant whose interest in this problem was awakened by the plight of a much-convicted thief who had stolen from him. Its purpose will be quite distinct from that of the Home Secretary's new and statutory 'advisory council', chaired by Sir Wilfrid Anson, which is concerned with the better employment of people in prison. The chairman of Mr Thompson's committee will be Lord Pakenham, and it will begin by inquiring specifically into 'the industrial and social problem of placing ex-prison labour, taking into consideration the statutory and voluntary facilities available to prisoners before and after discharge'; it has already attracted the interest of the Home Office and the established prisoners' aid organisations. In this field, where monopoly entails a peculiar risk of atrophy, there is room for competition. What is exceptionally promising about Mr Thompson's project, which merits the support of the grant-making trusts and foundations, is its intention to start with a thorough inquiry into the attitude of industry and the trade unions to a problem in which surprisingly little has yet been achieved.

News from Our Own Correspondents

New York

The Great Renunciation

The dolorous clucking in liberal quarters over Rockefeller's Great Renunciation seems strangely out of place. True, the engaging Governor of New York presents the picture of an innocent who, having been lured into a cement-mixer, has extricated himself just in time; but large flaws in the picture should serve to keep sympathy from getting out of hand.

To preserve the freshness of his appeal, the almost amateur quality that New Yorkers found so attractive when he ran for Governor, Rockefeller should have held back and kept his ambition from showing so blatantly. In comparable positions in 1952, both Stevenson and Eisenhower, whatever their thoughts in the darkness of the night, kept a tight rein on themselves throughout the winter and the spring. Cloaked in modesty, they made extremely poor targets for opposing candidates in their respective parties, and by early summer the surge in their favour was far too powerful for hostile party leaders either to ignore or suppress.

Rockefeller, on the contrary, plunged in like a hardened professional the moment he was installed as Governor. While he refrained from openly declaring himself a presidential candidate, he wandered thousands of miles from Albany to promote his views on issues, to bless Rockefeller-for-President Clubs with twinkling eye and flashing grin, to criticize Richard Nixon by indirection, and otherwise to persuade everyone that he was all athirst for the nomination. Nixon meanwhile bided his time, strengthened his hold on the party machine operators, and built up his own prestige by foreign travel and lofty discourse. Then he gave the signal, and the axe fell. Rockefeller's last trip was a nightmare, in which Republican organization men everywhere gave him the polite freeze, kept his audiences down to a humiliating minimum, and let him infer that if he was to get the nomination in Chicago next July, it would be over their prostrate forms.

The Governor's inept strategy might easily have been forgiven by those well disposed toward him – indeed it could have been taken as further evidence of a refreshing unprofessionalism. What has done him more serious damage is an apparent willingness to make expediency his guide. When the Administration, including Nixon, favoured a self-imposed ban on nuclear testing, Rockefeller talked up the merits of underground explosions. When Nixon attracted world-wide attention by genially debating issues with Krushchev, the Governor seemed to be currying favour with the Old Guard by darkly warning of the danger of talking to Russians. And, perhaps most depressing of all, with the first chilly blast from the opposition, he retired from the lists without having so much as tilted a lance. He was 'seriously concerned about the future vigour and purpose' of his party, he said, but not concerned enough, evidently, to engage in a fight that his private pollsters indicated he might lose. In some quarters the Grand Old Party is being roundly berated for having snuffed out a new Wendell Willkie. But the genius of Willkie lay in his impish defiance of both the party apparatus and the laws of probability.

For the Democrats, the Rockefeller withdrawal can only be a boon. In the Governor's shabby treatment at the hands of his party's diehards they have a ready-made issue with which to woo back those independent voters whom Eisenhower had captured and without whom a Republican nominee can hardly hope to win. In the always crucial state of New York, Rockefeller's admirers, even among the party regulars, cannot be expected to set the Hudson ablaze for Mr Nixon, whose defeat would go far to make Rockefeller's nomination a sure thing in 1964. And, not least, the Democrats have every reason to feel, as they have all along maintained, that Nixon would make an easier opponent than Rockefeller. It is true that his slashing style of campaigning in the past has made him something of a terror, but what he himself has called a 'rocking, socking campaign' is not appropriate for a presidential candidate who needs all the independent support he can get, and who has a reputation for political roughhouse to live down. Richard Nixon will have to act the statesman in the coming campaign, and while he can no doubt play the part, it it not a rôle that draws on his best talents.

ROBERT BENDINER

Fleet Street

What the People Want

Let us take a look at something which is becoming one of the most remarkable phenomena of our time – or at any rate of Fleet Street. I refer, surprising though it may seem to those who are not regular students of the Sunday press, to the *People*. For, surprising though it may be even to some of us who are, the *People* has now become the most successful newspaper in Britain. At a time when most other popular Sunday papers, and all others in the same mass circulation business as itself, have been losing circulation at a substantial rate, it is attracting new readers on a scale and at a speed unparalleled in the history of Sunday journalism. At the year's end its average sales for the last six months of 1959 were more than 300,000 higher than those for the same period of the previous year.

Moreover this was the fourth successive rise in *People* sales recorded by the ABC returns – at a time when, as stated, all its rivals have been losing circulation, some of them very heavily. It now has a circulation of over 5,215,000. It has passed the *Sunday Pictorial*, which had been leading it for years and, if present trends continue, looks like sooner or later wresting first place from the old champ of so many decades – the *News of the World*. It is now read every Sunday by at least 15 million people. Odham's, who publish it, have so far, despite agitated changes in editorial personnel and presentation, singularly failed to find, with the *Daily Herald*, a daily formula that will attract the masses in sufficient numbers to prevent circulation from falling, never mind rising. But at first under Mr Harry Ainsworth and, in this latest period of rip roaring success, under Mr Stuart Campbell,

they have hit the jack-pot with the *People*.

I report. I do not applaud. Personally I find the major portion of any issue of the *People* unreadable. This need not, and I am sure will not, trouble Mr Campbell. He knows what he is doing and he is doing it with staggering professional skill. He has discovered exactly what some 40 per cent of the adult population of these islands, mainly, but not entirely, in the lower income group, most of them, according to the *People's* advertising department's researches, with good wages, a nice bit of garden, and plenty of branded foods in the larder, and an increasing number of them with a car in the garage, want to know about when they sit down for a nice read on a Sunday.

What they do not want would seem to be politics. The *People* is the least political of newspapers – much less so than the *Sunday Pictorial* or even, in its rather old fashioned way, the *News of the World*, which is apt to drop in among the rapes and indecent assaults political articles of an almost Victorian length and dullness by various eminent personages. The *People* rarely publishes anything remotely like a political news story and its leading articles, by 'Man o' the People' only occasionally deal with political issues. They stand for blunt, earthy common-sense and no party nonsense. Its speciality is the 'inside' story and the 'confession' story. 'My Wicked, Wicked Life: Errol Flynn's Death Bed Confession', for example. Typical recent headlines were 'Naked, I Chased Two Shrieking Women' on one Sunday, 'Caught With a Girl In The Bushes' on another. On a somewhat higher there is its latest 'World Scoop' – 'At Last The Full Story of Peter Townsend's Love Affair: Why He Wed The Little Girl With Pimples: Why Marie-Luce Took The Place of Princess Margaret.' This, it should be made clear, has not been written by Group Captain Peter Townsend himself, but by Russell Melcher, the photographer who accompanied him and the girl he has now married on his second lot of world travels, the 'man who saw them fall in love'. Mr Melcher, Group Captain Townsend may be horrified to learn, put in a lot of overtime in between taking pictures 'observing' the 'much misunderstood character of the handsome airman Princess Margaret refused to marry'. He is now passing on his 'inside' information to *People* readers in several long instalments, although he 'does not wish to suggest that Peter Townsend himself disclosed any confidential information to him about Princess Margaret.' Handsome of him. Other lesser 'inside' stories have been 'The Inside Story' of 'the battle of Monopolies and Price Rings' and, at greater length and with larger headlines, the 'intimate story' of 'an amazing marriage' by a lady who 'twice married and twice divorced THE SAME MAN'. A typical headline for this latter feature is 'He Held Out His Arms To The Other Woman'.

The *People's* main front page news is usually directed to the heart rather than the head: last week's splash, for instance, was 'Quote From Two Parents Without Shame: We've Got 5 Children To Give Away.' Its most popular regular features are a half page or so by Gilbert Harding in his role as a rumbustious and usually very effective scourge of fools, petty bureaucrats and bores; Lyndoe, the most widely read of the Sunday astrologists; Arthur ('Follow Me Around') Helliwell who writes a down-to-earth and no nonsense gossip page; and a couple of columns of letters from woman readers, paid for at a guinea a time for those published. The news pages – such as they are, for the *People* is primarily a magazine paper – tend to be devoted to such matters as 'Dawn (She fell for a one-legged man) Says I Want To Go Home.' 'The Love Doc', 'Bride Slaps the Groom – Then Dies' and 'Yard Chief Runs Off With Ex-Club Hostess'. It did, however, devote a good deal of space and a large headline and picture to the arrest of the anti-H-bomb marchers at the Thor rocket base.

Quite a lot of Fleet Street executives are now studying the *People* very carefully indeed. In view of those circulation figures sociologists could perhaps do worse than follow their example.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Westminster

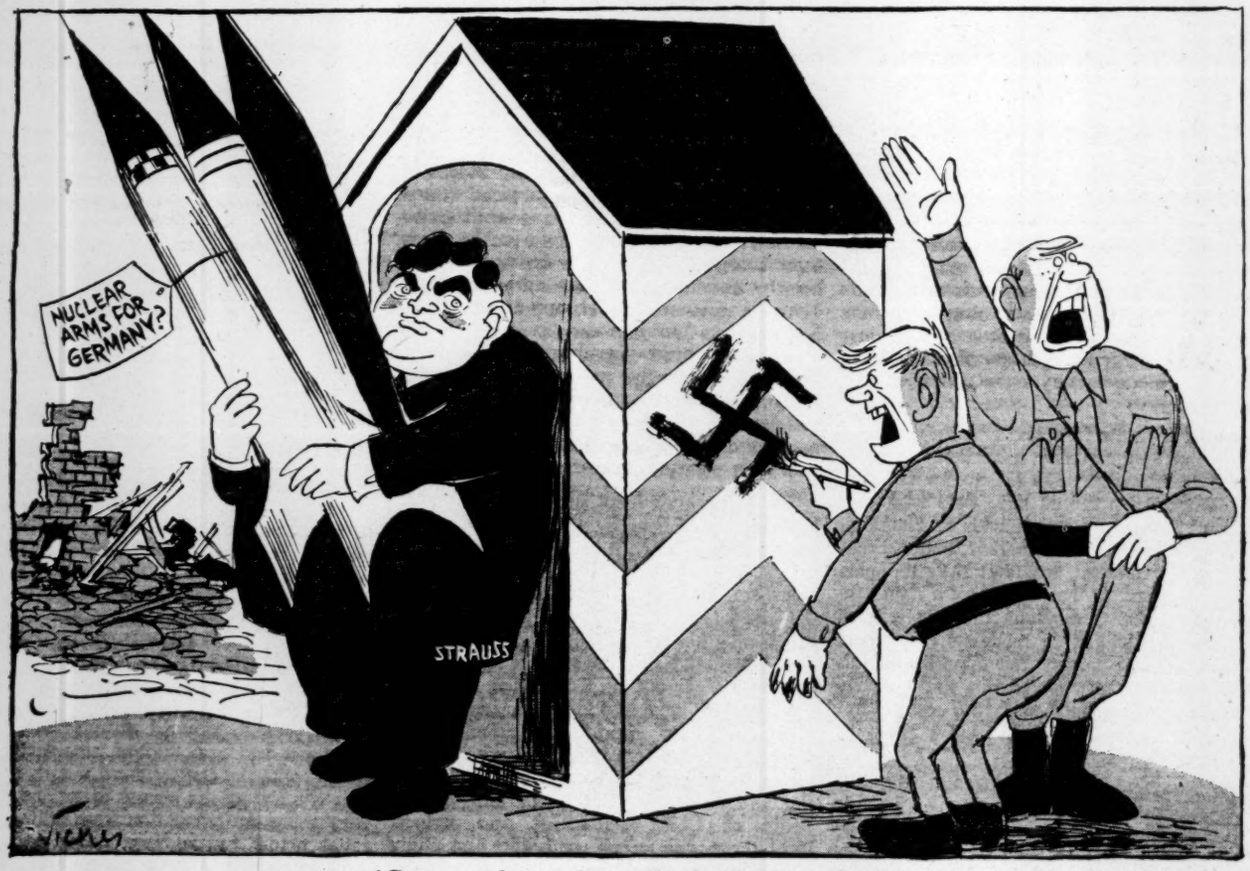
Putting Authority in its Place

In the early hours of a freezing morning in the middle of the 1947 fuel crisis, a short, barrel-shaped man, wearing neither hat nor coat, but carrying a bag, rolled out of Euston Station. Within a hundred yards he was stopped by two policemen. 'May we look at the contents of your bag, sir?' they asked. The man put his bag down, slightly depressed the corners of his mouth and elevated his chin.

'It has never been clearly established' he said, 'that the Act under which you are operating gives you the right of search. However, if you care to take the risk, you may go ahead.'

There was a pause. Then: 'Well, sir, would you mind telling us what is in it?"

'As my wife packed it I am not quite sure. But I expect there is a pair of pyjamas and a tooth brush. And a copy of Hansard'.



'Give us *the tools:* we'll *finish the job!'*

'Excuse me, sir, are you a member of Parliament?'

'I am'.

'Good night, sir'.

'Good night, officer'.

This incident illuminates Mr Leslie Hale, the Labour member for Oldham West who has just been appointed to the Royal Commission on the Police. Much of his public and professional life has been spent in trying to put authority courteously, sometimes devisiously, but nearly always effectively, in its place so that the right and freedom of individuals, especially if they themselves are weak, may be maintained. Emotional sympathy, so strong that it can fill his eyes with tears, may be the source from which he draws the urge to fight, but the weapons he uses are a capacious and practical memory for the byways of the law, a quick mind, a lightning tongue and a wit which both pierces and disarms.

No one but Leslie Hale could have made his first important Parliamentary speech on a subject which, both at the beginning and the end, the Speaker declared to be wholly out of order – significantly, this was a plea for pensions for parents of children killed in the war and included, via the references to Chelsea hospital upon which Hale based his claim to be within the rules of debate, a detailed examination of the financial position of Nell Gwynne. No one but Leslie Hale could lecture a bench of magistrates for 45 minutes on the nocturnal habits of pheasants and secure acquittal for a poacher apparently caught in the act. No one but Leslie Hale could use the debate on the Budget-leak tribunal as the occasion for a devastating attack on capitalist morality – and still cause capitalists and socialists alike to roll in the aisles with delighted laughter. No one but Leslie Hale, after having his licence suspended for being drunk while technically in charge of a motor car, would immediately have been offered the loan of an episcopal car for the whole period of the suspension.

The fact that he is, as far as is known, the single member of the commission who has ever been arrested, is perhaps the least of the attributes which makes his appointment to this Royal Commission uniquely agreeable to both sides of the House of Commons.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Mr Macmillan's Acid Test

MR MACMILLAN is in Ghana – on the honeymoon stage of his journey across Africa. There are of course problems even in West Africa. He must, for instance, exercise caution in listening to the complaints of the Ghana opposition without seeming to interfere in Ghanaian politics. In Nigeria, he must either issue an invitation to the forthcoming Commonwealth Conference or face an uncomfortable (and potentially damaging) conversation in explaining to the Nigerian Prime Minister why this great African country, standing on the very threshold of independence, should be treated with less consideration than the white settlers in Southern Rhodesia. But these in a sense are marginal issues: by the end of this year Nigeria will attend Commonwealth conferences as of right; Ghana is already securely beyond the reach of effective interference from Whitehall. The cordiality of Mr Macmillan's welcome and the felicity of his deportment are, in fact, the products of the situation which now exists between Britain and the people of West Africa.

The real difficulties begin when the Prime Minister reaches Southern and Central Africa. For here the issue is crucial and inescapable: is Britain behind the racialists or not? The overwhelming majority of the people of Britain view the policies of the Union government with shame and loathing. It will not be enough for their spokesman merely to avoid the absurdities of Lord Montgomery: silence is no refuge – nor equivocation. Mr Macmillan has undertaken to address both houses of parliament in Pretoria; and, when he does so, every word will be seized and examined across the length and breadth of the civilised world. To visit South Africa at all in present circumstances is to give some impression of condoning the policies of the South African government. If such a visit is to be justified, Mr Macmillan must use his opportunity to make clear beyond doubt his total opposition to *apartheid*. If he fails to do so, he betrays not only the Queen's African subjects, but also the people of this country whose spokesman he is; and he hands the enemies of Britain a propaganda weapon beyond all price.

In the Central African Federation the problem is a little different: here Britain is still responsible, and Mr Macmillan's attitude will ultimately be tested on the anvil of action. Yet in Salisbury too he must declare himself. He is engaged to address a public meeting there, and the world will be listening not for platitudinous justifications of 'partnership'; not for a list of the notional economic advantages of federation; not for fatuous compliments on Southern Rhodesia's disgracefully slow progress towards ending the colour bar; not even for the belated, and expected, Christmas present of Dr Banda's release. The world will listen to hear Mr Macmillan define his and his government's attitude to this central question: if is it clear that African opinion in any or all the territories of Central Africa is firmly opposed to federation, will federation – the rule of Sir Roy Welensky's tiny white-settler minority – then be riveted for ever on their necks?

That is the acid test of Britain's attitude towards racialism, and there is no way of avoiding it. During the next month Mr Macmillan's progress will be puffed up in the white man's press both here and in Africa. The affable smile, the courtly phrase, all the Edwardian *panache* will be flaunted from every television screen. And none of it will be worth a row of beans, unless Mr Macmillan faces the real test and passes it.

Russia Eleven Years After

IT was thrilling to be in Moscow again after a long absence. After seven immensely eventful years, I had left Russia in the summer of 1948, with the Cold War at its height. It was the year of the Prague *coup*, of Moscow's breach with Yugoslavia, of the Berlin blockade. There had been a purge in the arts. People one knew had begun to 'disappear'. My two most vivid and most unpleasant memories of the summer of 1948 were these: first, a huge poster of a villainous-looking Uncle Sam with atom bombs sticking out of all his pockets, and a crowd of small boys viciously slashing the poster with their penknives. The patriotic exaltation over the defeat of Germany had, after Hiroshima, been followed by a feeling of frustration: it was as if Russia had been cheated of her victory; and now, by 1948, there was, below the surface, acute nervousness lest America should start an atomic war.

Secondly, I remember being stopped at a street corner by a miserable little man, who belonged to the smaller literary fry of Moscow and who, to keep body and soul together, had, during the war, done odd translation jobs for one of the western embassies. The man was in a panic. 'I don't want to be seen talking to you,' he whispered, 'so I'll be brief. But this is 1936-37 all over again; a big purge is on the way; it has already begun. Good luck! I don't suppose I shall ever see you again.' Soon afterwards I learned that the little man had been picked up. Now he is back in Moscow, fully rehabilitated, but still preferring to have nothing more to do with foreigners.

To-day the fear of war has gone, and so has the fear of the '3 a.m. knock on the door'. Without being aggressively boastful about the moon-rocket (as others in their place might be), Russians are, nevertheless, genuinely proud of this immense scientific achievement; and, together with this, goes the comforting feeling that no one will dare attack a Russia that can fire rockets at the moon. Not that the certainty that there will be no war is complete. There is still a slight fear of 'madmen', and of the 'accidents' that these might produce; and the most genuine source of worry continues to be, not America, but West Germany. Still, by and large, war is no longer thought likely; and, similarly, the conviction to-day is very deep that 'Socialist legality', and the new criminal procedure as defined and codified by the laws of December 1958, have fully replaced the arbitrary powers of the secret police. This is now wholly under the control of the government and the Central Committee (itself the supreme power in the land), and it has had its monstrous forced-labour empire dissolved. Thus it is now probably less of a state-within-the-state than is, for instance, the FBI or – the police in France. Henry Shapiro, who has spent some 25 years in Russia as the chief UP correspondent and understands, in my opinion, better than any other foreign observer what's going on, considers this change the most revolutionary of all since industrialization was begun 30 years ago. He calls it the Fourth Russian Revolution. In his view, Krushchev himself deserves the greatest credit of all for this change, as a result of which no citizen (except in cases of *flagrante delicto*) can be arrested without a regular warrant from the Public Prosecutor, or sentenced without a trial.

And the third big change between 1948 and now is, of course, in the enormously-improved living standards of the Russian people. Things are still far from perfect;

NEXT WEEK

Old King Gaulle

by PAUL JOHNSON

Disgruntlement on the Railways

by W. JOHN MORGAN

many are still living in housing conditions as described by Zoshchenko; and yet, perhaps for the first time in their history, the Russians have the feeling of being a 'have', and not a 'have-not' nation. This raises, of course, the pet question of so many western observers, whether the Russians aren't going to develop – and aren't they doing so already? – a bourgeois mentality. Does the fact that Russians are becoming increasingly TV-crazy show that they are going to be more and more like Americans? Let's not jump to hasty conclusions.

My greatest pleasure in Moscow was to be able to look up some Russian friends whom I had known well during and just after the war. Among these was the Antonov family. Peter Ivanovich, the husband, had been in the army, and I had met him only once when he was on leave; but Anna Ivanovna, who was a clerk in a government office, and her two sons I knew well. The oldest of the three sons had been killed at the beginning of the war. Vanya, the second son, an uncouth, awkward boy, was called up in 1944 and had stayed some time in the army after the war, making war on 'bandits' in the western Ukraine. Anna Ivanovna, then in her late forties, had one of those amusing Russian faces with a turned-up nose, steel teeth and an exuberant sense of humour, and she bore her hardships with extraordinary stoicism. Deep down, she was constantly worried about her husband and her second son and was also perpetually anxious about Kolya, her youngest (who was 12 at the end of the war). He was a pretty and intelligent boy, but in delicate health, with a huge appetite and always half-hungry. She was of peasant stock. They lived in an old *izba* on the outskirts of Moscow, but not far from the Metro terminus. Her parents had built the *izba* in the 1890s in what was then still a village, and the house was crammed with ikons. In 1943 I went to the funeral of Anna Ivanovna's mother – a deeply-religious old peasant woman, scarcely literate. It was an Orthodox funeral, priests and choir and all. In 1945-46 I used to visit Anna Ivanovna and Koyla occasionally, bringing him from NAAFI a couple of tins of milk, which he adored. The house was terribly bare, though Anna Ivanovna always insisted on producing a glass of tea with a bit of sugar and black bread.

Now, much to my surprise, I found the old *izba* still there – though nestling in the shadow of a new eight-storey block of flats. I was first greeted by the loud bark of a huge Newfoundland-type watch-dog, and the bark brought Anna Ivanovna scurrying out of the *izba*. Screams of joy, hugs, embraces. Then I was taken into the crowded main room. They were all there – the husband, now a foreman in a big biscuit factory; and Vanya, now 35, a mason, who was working on blocks of flats in a small provincial town, but who had now come to Moscow for three months to take a special course as a crane-operator in order to improve his qualifications. Here also was my old friend Kolya, now a handsome boy of 26, a fully-trained analytical chemist, who had, after four years' hard work, graduated from a chemistry institute and now had a 1,200-rouble-a-month job in a chemical research laboratory. Here also was Valya, Kolya's fiancee; she worked in the same research laboratory as he, and in two days they were going to get married. Of course, I was promptly invited to the wedding.

Anna Ivanovna, now 58, and about twice as fat as before, had now been getting an old-age pension of 520 roubles a month for the last three years—a handsome contribution to the family income. I had never seen her so happy before. Peter Ivanovich promptly brought out a bottle of vodka and, after much fussing in the kitchen, Anna Ivanovna produced a tremendous feed—a variety of *zakuski*, sardines, red caviare, three kinds of sliced sausage, hot dogs, a tin of Bulgarian strawberry jam, and a big tube of processed cheese. She seemed particularly proud of the tube – 'Look at the kind of things we Soviet people now produce!' The dog was allowed to join the party and ate the hot dogs with particular relish. Dogs being fed on sausages – this was really a revolution!

Peter Ivanovich showed off his electric razor, Kolya his Soviet 'Leica', and Anna Ivanovna's favourite possession was, of course, the TV set. The old girl was a bit chauvinistic, raved about the moon rockets and said that no country had made the kind of progress that 'we Soviet people' had made since the war. She asked various questions about the West; for instance, what bread was like in France. So I described the *baguette*, saying it was delicious when fresh, but went stale in a few hours. 'Ach,' she said with disgust, 'it's maize bread; only maize bread goes stale so quickly. When I assured her it was made of wheat flour, she said: 'That's what *they* tell you . . .' She was a bit apologetic about the ikons. 'But they were *babushka's*, and they do look pretty, don't you think? Perhaps, when we move into a new flat a year from now I'll put them away or sell them to tourists.' The boys laughed. 'Mother still has a soft spot for religion,' Kolya said, 'even though we try to educate her,' and he took down from the shelf a bundle of anti-religious magazines called *Science and Religion* with snappy articles about Lourdes, the Pope, Russian Baptists, and the harm done to Kolkhoz harvests by church holidays, when whole villages go on the binge for days on end. 'No, no,' said Anna Ivanovna, 'you know perfectly well I never go to church now.'

They were full of praise for Krushchev – 'he's helped to make life ever so much happier and easier than it was in the Old Man's days. The Old Man got pretty difficult towards the end.' 'All the same,' said Vanya, 'as an army man, I must still say that he did his stuff during the war. But,' he added a bit sententiously, 'we have now obviously entered a new historical phase – the building of complete Communism.' Unfortunately, the subject could not be pursued that night, because it was 8 o'clock, and it was time to turn on the TV. For the next three hours, the whole family was glued to the screen, particularly enjoying a newsreel with Krushchev in it, and then a long programme of 'Extracts from Classical Viennese Operetta.' 'We don't get this kind of decadent thing very often,' Kolya grinned, 'but it's great fun for a change.'

Two days later I went to Kolya's wedding feast, which was held in the new three-room flat of his in-laws. They had managed to cram over 70 people into it, including the older members of both families; but most of the guests were the bride's and bridegroom's colleagues – young 'science workers'. In a corner there was a mountain of wedding presents – mostly china and cutlery and linen, and – a collective gift – a splendid-looking cine-camera. They were all very serious-minded young people; but a wedding's a wedding for all that, and they ate a monstrous meal and polished off 30 half-bottles of vodka, as well as ten or 12 bottles of Soviet champagne. At midnight I staggered away as best I could; but the party was still far from over.

ALEXANDER WERTH

(To be Continued)

London Diary

Nye Bevan's serious illness has shown how personally fond of him everyone is—even his worst political enemies. But his withdrawal from public life during this decisive period is politically very dangerous. For Nye, regarded in the past as the controversial 'splitting' figure who was always liable to resign with a large left-wing following, has recently become the chief unifying factor in the Labour Party. It was Gaitskell, whose speech at Blackpool, following on the flop of the Douglas Jay kite, recently came so perilously near to splitting the party; and it was Nye's closing speech which so successfully heartened and united it. He seemed at last to have discovered the technique for making himself champion of the seriously Socialist elements of the party, both in the trade unions and in the constituency parties, without the kind of personal and group self-assertion which no leader of a party or established machinery could tolerate. I can only hope that he will soon be back in his place; otherwise there is a real danger of a splintering process, with groups from the 'Hampstead set' at the one end to the Victory for Socialism crusaders at the other, flaking off into political impotence.

* * *

There were nearly 200 Direct Action demonstrators at the Harrington base. Eighty three were arrested. The crowd of sightseers, including teddy-boys, was also large. Then there were a large number of photographers, TV commentators and journalists. In theory it was legal to be on one side of the road and trespassing on the other, but as the road was narrow, the groups got mixed up. The police carried off only those who said they wanted to be arrested. Everybody behaved impeccably. There were no incidents. The courteous job of sorting out prison volunteers began somewhere after 5 o'clock. By 11.30 all the 83 had been charged and locked up. One is reminded of the early Gandhi demonstrations when the Mahatma told an embarrassed magistrate that it was his legal duty to imprison him, just as it was his religious and patriotic duty to be imprisoned. The nearest English parallel is with the suffragette movement. The nuclear campaign is rapidly sorting itself out into 'Peths' and 'Panks'. The marchers, organised by the law-abiding Campaign Committee, respectfully saluted the Direct Action demonstrators, expressing solidarity of purpose, though not of method. The direct action method is highly effective in getting publicity and will cause Mr Butler, the police and the government as much embarrassment as the suffragettes did, if only – and here is the rub – they can continue to supply batches of volunteer martyrs at regular intervals.

* * *

The cause of penal reform has its regular periods of jeopardy, when chief constables' annual reports, to say nothing of the *Criminal Statistics*, provide the press with copy about increases in crime. Is this evidence that the enlightened treatment of offenders is in fact being pursued at the expense of public safety? What fun, especially when there also occurs a torrent of news – we are on the crest of such a wave at the moment – about a couple of murders, some escapes from prison, the snatching of a baby from its pram, and a hue-and-cry for a Broadmoor patient. In point of fact

prison escapes have, I understand, recently been rather less frequent than usual, while the crime figures in London and some of the larger towns show a decrease on last year. Even the statistical rise in 'robbery with violence' (considerable in 1958), was mainly due to a new method of classification, which included under this head for the first time the kindred offences of 'robbery when armed' and 'robbery when together with another person'. And yet it was this misleading figure that touched off the current campaign for the return of flogging to the penal system – of which more will again be heard before long.

★ ★ ★

The Willink Commission on the police will be fifteen strong – an unusually large number, suggesting perhaps that the inquiry is likely to last so long that attendances are expected to fall off. I am glad that Sir Arthur Goodhart is to be a member; only an American could know so much about the British constitution and no one else has so persistently concerned himself with the interests of the pedestrians in the present jungle of road traffic laws. Leslie Hale, again, has courage, court experience and robust inquisitiveness; he may enliven this Commission as Lees-Smith did a similar inquiry thirty years ago. Sir James Robertson, another member, has already had his introduction to the police-and-public problem as a member of the Waters tribunal last year, and John Hobson, QC, is another name to inspire confidence. But I should have liked to see an experienced justices' clerk included, and someone with long police experience and freedom now to ask some of the searching and esoteric questions that may not occur to the others. But I suppose we could all appoint our favourite inquisitors: it is much that the inquiry is to take place at all.

★ ★ ★

My most vivid memory of Lord Halifax (whose death I heard of while I was enjoying a sabbatical week of abstinence from newspapers) dates from 1942 when he was Ambassador in Washington. With the aid and encouragement of John Winant I was having a look at war-time America. On arrival I was asked to dine with Thomas Lamont, along with a number of big-shots in the American newspaper world, including the editors of the *New York Times* and *Herald-Tribune* and Henry Luce of *Time-Life*. All of these, excet Luce, were 'pro-British', though of course critical of British imperialism, as were all Americans then. Luce was a big fish out of water; he was putting across this 'American century' and damning Britain everywhere. The guest of honour was Halifax. Churchill had just vehemently refused a promise of Indian independence after the war, saying that it wasn't his job to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire. When Halifax was asked about this, he politely tossed the ball to me on the ground that I could report about the reactions to Churchill's statement direct from Britain. I made a pretty anti-imperialist reply and Halifax, instead of snubbing me, encouraged me to go further. Wiser than Winston, he knew that anti-imperialism was the best propaganda in America, and after dinner he told me that he agreed with me that Churchill's statement was disastrous, but, as Ambassador, could not say so himself. But Henry Luce could not let well alone. He burst into a vitriolic attack on British policy, and Lamont had to switch the conversation.

One other Halifax story I can vouch for. During the pre-war crisis Halifax went over with other ministers to Paris to talk to the French. The talks were prolonged and serious. On his return he remarked to a friend that 'the bother about these late night sessions is that they put your eye out for the high birds.' Now there are two things to note here, both essential for understanding Halifax. It was true that he was conditioned to assume that the week-end should, as far as possible, be spent in shooting and it was no doubt annoying to be tired and not on form. But in making such a 'This England' remark, he was of course perfectly aware of its absurdity. When he put in juxtaposition the damage to his shooting prowess with the dangers of world war, he was making a private joke at himself and his class.

★ ★ ★

I am glad to say that the subscription list started by Sir Alan Herbert and others has more than met the liability imposed on C. H. Rolph by the BBC in consequence of the libel he unwittingly broadcast in a radio talk. He tells me he has written personally to everyone whose name was available, and has asked me to thank on his behalf those who subscribed anonymously. He is proposing to divide the small surplus equally between the World Refugee Fund and the Howard League for Penal Reform, except where any individual subscriber objects. I find it especially interesting that the subscribers included several BBC talks producers.

★ ★ ★

One advantage of the ridiculous weather we have in this country is that there may be no period at all when the flowers are not in blossom, even on my exposed hill-top. Last week-end I picked a rose that smelt as sweet as it had in July. The polyanthus are also showing plenty of colour and the winter jasmine has been in flower steadily for six weeks. Giant snowdrops came out in December and will soon be at their best, and the Christmas roses are nearly ready to pick.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

John Davies, 56-year-old labourer, yesterday admitted wilfully damaging three plate-glass windows. He told Uxbridge magistrates that he loved the sound of tinkling glass.—*News Chronicle*. (D. G. Davies.)

★ ★ ★

Cha, 25, is here for a three-month revue at a Soho club. She said: 'I'm the world's highest paid stripper. I play Chopin on a grand piano in the nude.'—*Daily Mirror*. (A. T. Rudd.)

★ ★ ★

Crossed in love, Nicholas Steel-Jessop, 20-year-old insurance clerk, of Needham Market, Suffolk, put on a top hat and frock coat and rode 85 miles to London on a penny-farthing bicycle.

He returned by train yesterday with the penny-farthing in the guard's van. He said: 'When I was jilted it made me feel an awful failure. The ride restored my confidence.'—*Daily Express*. (L. Harris.)

★ ★ ★

I have often wondered why all the greatest people choose *Woman's Own* in which to express themselves. Now I know. After becoming a regular reader of your magazine, I was not surprised to find that Peter Townsend had chosen you to unfold his search for truth. *Woman's Own* must be the most *responsible* women's journal in the world.—Letter in *Woman's Own*. (F. R. Terrell.)

The Swastika Fringe

THE beastliness is with us again. Touched off by the outrage at the Cologne synagogue on Holy Night, a rash of anti-Semitism is breaking out all over the world, radiating from some 20 German cities to the strangest quarters of the globe – to the ancient city of Parma, to a fashionable art gallery in Bond Street. Melbourne, New York, Antwerp, Dublin, Durban – they have all had their night soil offerings. And we in Britain have certainly had our share in the last few days.

For me this evil quest began last October in the window of a secondhand bookshop a few doors away from the South Kensington underground. It is a civilized, reasonably priced establishment and one in which I have often made happy purchases. The shop window normally displays prints and rare editions (at the moment there are a set of cultural long-players and a 1551 edition of Chaucer on view). Last October, however, I received a shock. There, in the place of the customary prints and Victoriana, were the insignia of an SS officer – cap, armlet, belt and a certificate signed by the late and much unlamented Herr Hitler. After so much cultivation, it came as quite a surprise.

Since then I have been completing my anti-Semitic education. It has led me into some strange places and some even stranger literary by-ways – to a Camden Town public house (the only one in London, incidentally, that can boast of a colour-bar), to furtive fanatics in Brixton and Notting Hill, to the literature of the great racialist freemasonry that extends from Stockholm to Richmond, Virginia. Last Saturday my quest led me to No 74, Princedale Road – the headquarters of the White Defence League and the office of that very extraordinary individual, Mr Colin Jordan.

How shall I describe Mr Jordan? He is aged 36, a plump thick-set young man of a chubby, even a cherubic countenance, and a great deal of cheery, and to my thinking rather mad, laughter that sets off the enormities of his conversation with aplomb. Mr Jordan is Cambridge-educated (Sidney Sussex, I believe) and he teaches 'general subjects' at a state-run primary school in Coventry.

Mr Jordan is the blandest and the most unabashed racialist that I have ever met. He treats of subjects which make the blood run cold in the manner of a muscular Christian vicar expounding the tenets of St Paul to an unaccountably recalcitrant congregation. On the subject of Keeping Britain White he speaks with the breeziness and hilarity of – as I told him in the course of our interview – the totally insane. As a racial conversationalist, Mr Jordan is clearly as mad as a hatter. Here, verbatim, are some of the extraordinary things he said:

> Our greatest national asset and treasure is our Anglo-Saxon blood. . . .
>
> France was once a predominantly Nordic nation . . . they have their Jewish misfortunes as well as we do. . . .
>
> There is still a great deal of disagreement as to whether the Celts are Nordic or Iberian . . . .

Mr Jordan believes that the influx of coloured men and women into this country will inevitably breed 'a mulatto population'. Questioned about the Nazis, he counters with 'we had Canadian corpse-factories in the first world war' and shrugs off the legion of Jews who were gassed and tortured with 'In

another country people with certain racial ideas did certain things . . I'm not responsible for what happened there'. As he says, 'I'm not fooling about this thing'.

The literature that Mr Jordan purveys is even stranger than Mr Jordan himself. You may take your pick here, from the notorious anti-Semitic *Der Trommler* to *Jeune Nation*, the *White Sentinel*, the *South African Observer* and Mr Jordan's own pet publications, *Black and White News* and *The Nationalist*. A card prominently displayed in the League's shop-window, bearing the six-pointed star of David and entitled 'Greetings from the Boys', was of so loathsome a description – it would have done credit to the imagination of Goebbels or Rosenberg – that even Mr Jordan would not let me take a copy of it away for reproduction. Nor, in fact, could he tell me where or by whom it had been produced. (It was presumably a card of this type that a man pressed into the hands of a woman worshipping at the Christmas crib of a Catholic Church in Notting Hill.—*Daily Herald*, 2 January.)

But it was the solid literature sold in Mr Jordan's office that came as the greatest shock to me, for I had never realised that anti-Jewish feeling had created such a literary arsenal for itself, or that its festering and poisonous fantasies had so many tireless defenders in so many parts of the world. Here again one can take one's pick, from the American Mr Frank L. Britton's *Behind Communism*, with its cover portrait of Anna Rosenberg, US Assistant Secretary of Defence ('this ruthless, bracelet-jangling Budapest Jewess') to the laboured sarcasms of *The Great Jewish Masque*. There is Richard Kelly Hoskins, that fine old southern gentleman, with his tales of Snorri Sturluson and 'the Nordic Ring'; and there is the even weirder Mr Arnold Leese with his *The Jewish War of Survival*. ('I began work on it in the spring of 1945. Berlin had fallen and Hitler had died among his soldiers. Mussolini had been bestially murdered. The San Francisco conference was in full swing . . .')

Briefly, Mr Leese's thesis is that the Second World War was an entirely unnecessary struggle forced on the world at the behest of international Jewry. 'Mr Churchill', he writes, 'is half American . . .

> His family has had close connections with Jewish interests. Mr Churchill has said that his father, Lord Randolph, had Lord Rosebery as his greatest friend. It is to be remembered that Lord Rosebery married a Rothschild . . .
>
> Churchill's brother is with the Jewish stock brokerage firm of Messrs Vickers Da Costa and Co., who handle the Rothschild account. Churchill's daughter married the Jewish comedian Vic Oliver . . . His son, Randolph, officiated in 1933 as chairman of the Young Men's Committee of the British Association of Maccabees, an all-Jewish society . . . From the Jewish Sir H. Strakosch Churchill received a £20,000 legacy in 1944'.

Certainly, it all seems to hang together.

The futility of this kind of rubbish – and of the daub-and-run swastikas and slogans plastered upon the synagogues and churches of Britain during the last few days – should never blind us to the logical end of anti-Semitism. As early as 1939, Harold Nicolson related:

> I have met a man who was sent to a German concentration camp and thereafter released. He managed to escape into Switzerland and I saw him later in Paris. He was an elderly man of short stature and great girth. On arrival at the camp he was made to take off all his clothes and creep on all fours round the room. The youths of the SS who were in control of the camp amused themselves by flicking with wet towels at his naked frame. They then told him to urinate into the mouth of an elderly Jew who was also stripped naked. When he refused to do so, they were both flogged until they were unconscious . . .

The anonymous phone callers to Jewish organizations and individuals here in Britain in the last few days have all given the same reason for their threats of violence. Stop, they all say, this persecution of German patriots – the ex-Nazi patriots of the type that Harold Nicolson describes.

We know – and the Jewish community knows – that we can rely on our native decency and good sense to prevent any widespread outbreak of anti-Semitism in this island. Yet this stream of ugly incidents is a disturbing sign. What, one cannot help asking, are the churches doing about this matter? What is my own church, the Roman Catholic Church doing? What are the Anglicans, who have witnessed so courageously against *apartheid* in South Africa, doing? What are the Great Free Church communions who, throughout our history, have done so much to make England's moral name respected abroad, doing with regard to it? Why has Dr Fisher, our most unreticent of Primates, not openly condemned it, at the first hint of such obscenity? So far as one can see at the moment, public condemnation has been entirely (and very effectively, it must be said) left to the press.

Above all, what will parliament do when it emerges from recess? During the impeachment of the Duke of Buckingham, an MP (Sir John Eliot) leapt to his feet, crying *'opprimatur ne omnes opprimat!'* – that he must be oppressed lest he oppress others. I believe that these anti-Semitic night-daubers and phone-threateners should be oppressed and that the legal penalties for this kind of offence should be made far more severe than they are. The Home Secretary, with the devious abilities that we have come to know and admire only too well in the last eight years – abilities which may well have cost him the premiership for life – will be failing in his duty if he does not combat these evil men with all the weapons with which the Common Law has endowed him – or seek stronger powers from parliament. It is a public disgrace that posters and literature of the type I have described should be displayed publicly in a London shop window. Nor do I think that Mr Jordan, holding the views he does, is a fit person to teach the children of Coventry.

I should add that I have not written this article as a professional progressive or 'do-gooder'. I am by nature a Tory Radical. This, however, is an issue on which all men of goodwill, Tories or Radicals or Radical Tories, must unite inflexibly. As a leading article in one of Sunday's newspapers remarked, 'as citizens, we must take care not to oversleep.'

JOHN RAYMOND

The Left-overs

In World Refugee Year there cannot be many people who have not heard something about the tragedy of the refugee camps. But conditions vary greatly. In the Middle East, for instance, they are far worse than in the Austrian camps I visited recently. Yet even these, while not the concentration camps they resemble physically, are still damp, beastly rotting barracks, once German war-time labour or military camps – where people live like second-class citizens in ugliness and poverty.

In Austria many refugees have been rehoused by the United Nations, and some have emigrated. But 60,000 still remain – left-overs from the war, a cause of shame to us all. The more recent Hungarian arrivals have fared better. Originally 180,000, there are now only 8,000 left. The conscience of the West worked quickly for them, but not for Europe's really forgotten people. Most of these have chalked up 15 years in the camps, and still have no future.

The federal (or official) camps, and I visited several in the Linz area, are bad enough; but at least they are kept up to their very low level by the Austrian government, and have representatives of the UN High Commissioner for Refugees working there to help the 'mandate' refugees, who are those without any citizenship. These are eligible for UN aid such as vocational grants, housing loans, resettlement and rehousing. And in the official camps the camp counsellors, whose job is to sort out the poorest families and prepare them for the new flats and houses being built by the UN, do much more welfare work than their official jobs call for.

But in the non-federal (or unofficial) camps, for which no authority is responsible, conditions are far worse. At least 2,000 refugees are said to be in these unofficial camps, but as no one visits them regularly figures are inaccurate. Families just came and squatted in the deserted huts, and many have been there since 1945. Most of these camps, however, have only been discovered in the last year or so. The unofficial camp I visited had no name – just an address. About 144 people live there. The desolation was worse than anything I saw in the official camps: the mud and debris thicker; the huts darker and more decayed; the rooms damper and more squalid. No camp counsellors are attached to these camps; no gift parcels reach them from abroad, in fact none of the meagre aids to living that make the official camps a little more bearable.

I talked to Paul Kletsch, a 26-year-old building worker from Yugoslavia, and his wife Hilde. They have been there since 1944 and now have four children. Listed as mandate refugees, they are lucky because they have a chance of being rehoused by the UN. But 28-year-old Carlos Eibel and his wife Maria, also from Yugoslavia, and who have one child and a baby on the way, are less fortunate. They have taken Austrian citizenship and are therefore no longer mandate refugees eligible for UN help. Austria's own housing problem is so acute, however, that she can do nothing for them either.

About 50 per cent of all refugees in Austria have taken Austrian citizenship to gain a passport and a sense of belonging, and to lose some of the indignity of being a refugee. But this is one of the tragedies of the European refugee world. Although no longer officially refugees, these new citizens still live in the same camps, but now lack UN aid of any kind. 'These people are just as much refugees as they were the day before they took Austrian citizenship, except that now they are worse

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off', the UN representative at Linz told me. It should surely be possible for the High Commissioner to make his welfare services available to these people even if he has no legal responsibility for them. This would cost more money, but would, I was told, mean little increase in staff, since the welfare workers still quietly try to do what they can to help them.

The High Commissioner does what he can to rehouse the mandate refugees, and has increased his financial contribution to the housing projects to 50 per cent. And by forming non-profit-making building societies and cutting costs, four flats are now built for what three once cost. So far 2,800 flats and houses have been built or are under construction. I visited some of these flats which are bright, modern and attractively furnished. There is, however, one snag – a big one. Although the UN keeps the rents as low as possible, the majority of the tenants find it even harder to manage than when they were in camp. I talked to 69-year-old Johann Piora and his wife in their new one-room flat. When they lived in the camp across the road their rent was about 12s. 6d. a month inclusive. Now it is nearly £2 and electricity is £1. But they still only have the same £10 a month pension to live on. They save on food – goodness knows how – and collect firewood when they can't afford coal, which is often.

I heard this story repeated many times by refugees in the new flats. Once they are rehoused, all UN aid stops. There are no more gift packages, no welfare payments, and no sympathetic camp counsellors to turn to. The UN's brief is quite specific: to get the refugees out of the camps. Then they're on their own. But the break is too hard and sudden for people unused to independence; and the struggle to make ends meet – they never do – means that some of these bright new flats may soon become slums.

Many refugees help themselves amazingly, although one would think all spirit and initiative were long dead. By practically starving themselves they manage to save and buy land on which to build a house. And they build it with their own hands. Loans for the materials come from the UN. It would be unfair to deny that a lot has been done. The UN people working with the refugees are dedicated, under-paid and overworked. The appeals for money and gifts that have been so successful must go on. The gifts make life more tolerable, and the money helps towards the UN building schemes. The work of the voluntary agencies is invaluable, and Austria is doing all she can. But the problem is still only being lightly scratched. For the governments of the world to buy off their consciences with modest monetary targets in World Refugee Year is not enough. Where the refugees found themselves after the war is an accident of geography and history. The responsibility for their resettlement or rehousing belongs to all of us; but so far governments have uttered fine words unsupported by brave deeds.

About ten per cent of the refugees left in Austria want to emigrate, yet governments are hard and mean in their response to this human need. Thousands of families have been refused entry to countries overseas because they wouldn't leave a sick relative behind. The refugee family is a tight, loving unit, reluctant to desert its old or its sick. Medicine has made great progress since the war, yet most countries are still inhumanely frightened of the tubercular, the mentally ill, and the aged. The US will now allow a sick refugee to join his family there, but will not accept new families with a sick member. Canada will take 100 TB cases with their families, but not, I was told by an UN official, if they have relatives in Canada! Britain is taking 210 refugees including ten old people and 70 with TB – as long as they are curable. This can hardly be called generous. All those who are most closely in touch with the refugees, and with whom I spoke, were emphatic that the problem in Austria could be cleared up quickly given the will. This would need an entirely different and far more generous attitude by governments in countries to which refugees want to emigrate.

For the rest. 'Why can't they go home?' someone asked. An official of the Yugoslav government told me that Yugoslavia is anxious to have her expatriates home (I met many families from Yugoslavia in the camps I visited). But in spite of the assurances given by the Yugoslavs and other eastern European repatriation missions when they visited the camps – the refugees, rightly or wrongly, are frightened to return. For those who don't want to emigrate, Austria is now their home. Austria has done more than her share for the refugees and has now started a building programme for those who have taken Austrian citizenship. In addition she contributes 50 per cent to the UN building programme. But with her own housing problem and shortage of resources, it is impossible for her to resettle all refugees with Austrian citizenship during the lifetime of the children I saw – unless the burden is shared by the rest of the world.

If it were, the Austrian refugee problem could be solved quickly. Although everyone would not be rehoused immediately, to those living in refugee camps the certainty of being housed in the foreseeable future is the difference between life and a living death.

ALMA BIRK

A Conscience with a Style

THE violent death of Albert Camus in a motor accident is a double shock. He was one of those writers one seems to know as a person. He was young – only 46 – and one expected much of his maturity. It was at this point, by a malicious irony, that the absurd and the meaningless struck at him. It is as if he had become *l'Etranger*. He was pre-eminently a European conscience; what is rarer – a conscience with a style. He was the best prose writer of his generation.

In France, where writers live in factions and are required to 'pronounce', the reputation of Camus got into difficulties after his disengagement from politics. Like Orwell and Koestler, he washed his hands of Communism. He was reproached for silence about the Algerian atrocities, for example; but he had, in fact, drawn up his own liberal policy for Algeria some years ago. He had said what he wanted to say. He was accused of withdrawing from the *siècle de la peur* into a Utopia of 'beautiful souls'; one heard of him being written off as a mere moralising and 'consenting' man of letters. To the Anglo-Saxon reader all this talk was meaningless: we saw a brilliant, compassionate and independent man. If it is not absurd to say it of a Mediterranean, he had not only a touch of the sun, but a touch of the Protestant. His sane and unyielding sense of the unique value of the individual human being, stands out as the one lasting gain after the ideological battles of the Thirties and Forties in France.

Many critics have shown us that Camus was an unworldly politician. Having denounced totalitarianism, he came to believe in revolt for limited ends. (He was, for example, a passionate opponent of capital punishment.) He hated nihilism and its inevitable product: the man-god. The son of a very poor Algerian colonist, he said of himself that he had the feelings of the common people and the mind of an intellectual. It is true that *La Peste* was written with some literary sophistication, in the manner of Defoe; but few books in our time can have conveyed the sense of the whole, feeling life of all the ordinary people in a great city, living under stress. In the famous quarrel with Sartre, it is obvious that the philosopher and artist never made contact; one was talking about an abstraction called 'the people', the other was talking about men and women, the victims of wars and programmes. Camus accepted that we must die; but all the moral force of civilisation rose in him to reject the idea that we should regard ourselves as expendable for the benefit of some theory of history.

Camus was (he said) a pessimist about human destiny, but an optimist in regard to man himself. Sisyphus would never succeed in rolling the boulder to the summit, but the continually renewed effort to do so was the secret of his nobility. At heart, Camus was a lonely man. He was a wanderer. He had a more powerful sense of place – Amsterdam in *La Chute*. Oran in *La Peste*, the beach in Algiers, the dusty villages of the Algerian steppe in his last volume of stories – than any French writer I have ever read. He appeared to have valued every grain of dust, every change of sound, the very cooling or warming of the earth.

V. S. PRITCHETT

The Great Book Robbery

'ANARCHY is reigning in this school', as he put it, this teacher who, in the makeshift classrooms of the bombed buildings, was a kind of Vasco da Gama, a man continually making exciting discoveries, arriving with a flourish at the scene of bizarre activities. Often, being in the sixth form, we could avoid seeing any master for days on end. Being a small group we could fight a guerrilla campaign, as a unit we had more flexibility than the larger, younger classes, and of course more confidence from years of wartime training.

One winter we stayed a whole week in a small, attic room making toast and smoking. If Vasco hadn't got to hear, how we never knew, that a notorious character – he was notorious for selling part of the central heating system to a scrap merchant in the town, and the flowers from the gardens in season – that this boy was taking a bath in the next attic room to ours, we should never have been caught. Confronting this boy in the bath with a great shout of 'Bathing. Bathing. You don't come to school to bathe', his nostrils were attracted by the smell of smoke. We heard his shout of 'Smoking' clearly before he came running into the room. He was a great shouter, with a wild smile. Usually,

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We're moving across unmapped territory with tremendous strides. Almost daily someone, somewhere, reports a breakthrough into regions of knowledge that have been secret since the world began. The atom has been harnessed, manned space flights are just around the corner, and every discovery brings others in its train, for new techniques need new materials. Nuclear power has brought demands for materials with combinations of properties never needed before, and only found in metals put aside by scientists in the past as awkward curiosities. The production of these new metals for the nuclear engineer has presented scientists with one of their greatest challenges—a challenge that could only be met by a many-sided organisation such as I.C.I. Its wrought zirconium plant is Europe's largest, its new plant for making wrought beryllium will be Europe's first, and already I.C.I. scientists and technologists have plans for producing the other rare metals that may one day be needed for nuclear power stations and even for space rockets. It needs brains and money to keep up with events in this age of great discoveries, and I.C.I., with a research staff of 4,500 and a research and development budget of £15 million a year, has both.

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rushing into the room he would shout out the nature of his discovery two or three times and then smile wildly. It was as if blinding intuition had suddenly made plain the pattern of his life work.

We used to take a detached view of his behaviour. Detachment at that time was fashionable, perhaps because we were all a bit shocked from the bombs falling or it might have been through reading Isherwood. We saw ourselves in relation to things and to active people like Vasco. In the mornings we used to fight our way off the school bus where anarchy certainly reigned, past hooligans who had their feet hanging out of the windows and younger boys and girls sticking hatpins into each other, struggling out of innocence, and go and stand on the great waste land among the blitzed ruins of the town. Someone would make a long speech about death and the scuttling rats and so on, and how he stood in relation to them. The important thing was not to listen, but to see yourself in relation to him and to the ruined, romantic town. Some days we went to the billiards hall. In school we used to write detached poems which were, measured with a ruler, longer than *Paradise Lost*. Again it was important that no one should read them.

The activists, the people who prevented life from coming to a dead stop, the boys who got into trouble, were a different group. They and we, and Vasco, had our best moments when we were given a class room, a tall, narrow room high in the building. Activists used to hang from the window sills. ('You don't come to school to hang from the window sill'.) One clear spring day when the daffodils in the long grass were in their full glory (before the boy in the bath sold them), two activists broke up the spare furniture and stuffed it up the chimney. We forgot about it and went about our business. A week or so later, one afternoon when detached poems were being written and the activists were kicking a rugby ball at one another, Vasco rushed into the room, ran at speed to the fireplace and thrust his hand up the chimney. We observed closely as he struggled and, with a tremendous shout of discovery, pulled down the leg of a chair. 'Chairs up the chimney', he cried. Pieces of chair tumbled down and surprisingly large lumps of soot. He waved the chair leg in the air. 'You come from broken homes', he shouted. 'You are the unsung victims of the war'. His smile was wonderful to see.

'Holes in the door' was another shout. An activist had taken a brace and bit to the door so that we could see people coming down the corridor. 'This is not a woodwork class', he said, delivering the statement, as ever, as if persuading us along new and difficult lanes of thought. Darts, we suggested, darts were the cause of the holes; playing darts at lunch-time. 'Darts. Darts. You boys have lost your youth.' We thought that this was the conclusion of his appraisal, but he turned and declaimed in a voice strong enough for an audience of 50,000: 'This generation was never young'.

Why, since he possessed these bloodhound gifts, since this intuitive sense of where things were happening was so sharply developed, he failed completely to discover the truth about the great book robbery, we could never understand. This theft was anarchy carried to the point where it became big business: all the exercise books in the school stock-room were stolen by the pupils, and Vasco never knew.

The robbery was not senseless. During and immediately after the war there was a severe shortage of textbooks. A bureaucratic machine existed to see that only completed exercise books were replaced—we had that, at least, in common with the last days of the Hapsburg empire: a bureaucracy ground away surrounded by chaos. If you lost an exercise book the only way to get a new one was to go into the black market. One size cost a shilling, another ninepence. Either because they were more scholarly or because their books were more often stolen, girls were always in need of the black market. They could better afford to be because they smoked less. Since we were most of us poor or suffering from expensive tastes, the temptation to lay our hands on illicit books were severe.

Vasco, I suppose, missed this continent because it was under his nose. During the lunch-hour small boys used to queue up under the supervision of their seniors and walk in an orderly fashion into the stock-room, pick up a pile of books, and walk out. Some activists used to bring suitcases to school with them and stagger away in the late afternoon under their burdens. We speculated on what Vasco would say: 'You don't come to school to steal books', perhaps 'The jails of Britain are crying out for people like you', he had already shouted at a group of louts who had asked him to go into town for a drink, his wiry red hair standing on end. I suppose he looked more like a terrier than anything else.

One night, after a riotous meeting of the debating society – 'That the world is neither round nor flat' – we passed through the stock-room on the way home, quietly, in a detached fashion, collecting heaps of books, until, walking through the town, nerve broke, panic spread and we rushed in an unironic fashion for the bus. The bottom, of course, had also fallen out of the market: no one needed to buy any books now. We heard that Vasco had offered the theory to another class that a lorry had been seen driving up in the night: if he had really cared about this explanation, we felt, he would have offered it to us. He never said a word about it to us and was never quite the same again. But neither were we, now grown tired of our activists, bored with detachment. The war was over.

W. JOHN MORGAN

The Arts and Entertainment

Art and History

EVERYONE seems to agree that 'Italian Art and Britain' is one of the most splendid exhibitions held at Burlington House since the last Italian display in 1930. This is partly because Italian art is better than that of any other country, and partly because England has been systematically ransacking the peninsula of its treasures ever since the days of Arundel and Charles I. It is true that it has always been our habit to dispose of the loot we hoarded, happily and rightly imagining that our cup would get refilled; it is true that in our own day we have watched our treasures passing in an unbroken procession across the Atlantic; but our reserves are inexhaustible, and we can still put on a better show of Italian painting from our own collections – without calling on the National Gallery – than any other European country, except Italy itself. Certainly it is the first time for a decade that an exhibition in these rooms would not have benefited by being smaller. I do not mean in actual square feet, but in spiritual grandeur the canvases and scraps of paper fill the walls without strain. The marriage of work of art to space, and of one work to another, is serene at last; so much so that one spots an insensitive juxtaposition at once, like the Wright of Derby (154) and the Jacob More (171), gawky and provincial in the company of the solemn Altieri Claudes (149, 157), and Charles II's pin-up Danae (54), an outrage hanging above Nathaniel Bacon's exquisite poultry (53). But how few are the criticisms one feels inclined to make! The Guardis in the Octagon, the drawings in the Large South Room, the Venetians filling Room III, the 'Primitives' in the well-lit Room IX, the Rococo sketches in the Architectural Room, Early and High Renaissance masterpieces in the Lecture Room – it is difficult to see how the arrangement or choice could have been improved. And if the Italians themselves who have been brought up with Simone Martini, Botticelli, Michelangelo were to pay us a visit this winter, they would not be wasting their time.

One can treat the show as a sheer delight for the eye, but for those like myself whose pleasure is enhanced if the mind as well as the eye is exercised, it can be regarded also as a review of the history of English taste during the last three hundred years; and indeed it is arranged, not chronologically from Duccio (309) to Canova (208), but chronologically from the date of the earliest acquisitions, such as the Antonio Solario (26) which is believed to have belonged to Henry VIII, to the date a few weeks ago when Denis Mahon picked up for a song in the London sale-rooms a fine early Annibale Carracci (401).

This means that, if it happens that one example is traceable to a famous English seventeenth-century collection and that another can boast of no illustrious ancestry, pictures by the same artist may get separated by a number of rooms. Oddly enough this does not lead to confusion. One soon finds oneself taking for granted the fact that the earliest pictures are hung in the ninth room one reaches, simply because 'Primitives' were not appreciated until about 1800, and that the finest group of Seicento pictures is concentrated in the last two rooms of all, simply because in England there has been a revival of interest in this period only within the last quarter of a century. The drawings in the Large South Room are seen in a new and fascinating perspective, grouped under the artists and collectors who treasured them; and in Rooms V to VII one can observe how in the eighteenth century the collecting of Italian masters, and changes of attitude in contemporary English painting, moved hand in hand. There is one exception to this overall plan: the Venetian High Renaissance has been more or less kept together in Room III, regardless of the subsequent history of the pictures. And this is just as it should be. For there has never been a time when Venetian art was not loved by Englishmen. (I have noticed that those who cannot face the idea that the best is not always loved, point in triumph to Venice.) And so there would have been no object in divorcing a Titian acquired

in 1660 from another acquired this year, and everything to be said for keeping them together for comparison.

Such an exhibition would not have been possible at any other time. For it is only recently that we have learnt to appreciate all periods of Italian painting with equal ease, Count Seilern's Daddi (266) as effortlessly as the marvellous late Guido Reni from Cambridge (275), a dashing Rococo sketch by Pittoni (448) as well as a Mannerist portrait group (96). Even the great 'comprehensive' exhibition at Manchester in 1857 was wildly partisan by our standards. This is not because we are more responsive to works of art than earlier generations – on the contrary, our eclectic tastes, our fear of not being in the swim, presuppose a weakening of the intensity of our reactions – but because art is now seen to be part of history, and we have a keen sense of, and respect for, history. The very conception of an exhibition on the theme of changing taste, an attempt to establish a more objective measurement of value, is new. From one point of view, it is salutary that we should be forced to overcome a natural repugnance (if we have one) for a given mode of representation, since at any moment, if we are willing to make the effort, the barriers may come down and we shall extend the boundaries of our awareness. From another point of view, our new panoramic vision is dangerous.

There is the danger that we may lose altogether the power to prefer one thing to another. Of course we are now in a better position than ever to distinguish the genuine from the false, the real Bronzino at Bowood (91) from the imitation Bronzino at Corsham (90), or a powerful visual image from its paler reflection, like the Matteo di Giovanni at Mells (312) from the Cozzarelli (289)–I do not mean this. This is all to the good. I mean that our acute historical sense is encouraging us to give equal weight to two equally powerful images of a quite different character–let us say, to the Guardi decorative scheme (457, 460, 462, 465-6), and to the Mengs from All Souls (153), the one looking backwards at the High Renaissance, the other forwards to Neo-Classicism, roughly contemporary but at opposite poles, which at any time but ours could not both have been liked. I regard my power to appreciate both as a weakness, not as a new strength.

Having confessed, I shall now indulge in the luxury of parading my personal likes and dislikes, without giving a thought to the relative 'historical importance' of the pictures I mark up or down. Up: the tiny Gentileschi and Carlo Dolci from Burghley (23, 24); the Annibale Carracci *Vision of St Francis* and the Guercino *Marriage of St Catherine* (399, 369); the Jacopo Bassanos from Prinknash Abbey and Weston Park (86, 64); Lady Gage's Puligo (103); Lord Normanton's Parmigianino (97); *all* the Pellegrinis; the Mengs at Liverpool (177); Sir Thomas Barlow's Roberti (294); the Cook Antonello (314); Sir Thomas Merton's Montagna (340) – there is no reason why the list should not be extended to a hundred items. Down: Mahon's Domenichino *Magdalen* (366); Lord Spencer's Maratta (12) and the Nazari from Tatton (207); the Botticelli from Cornbury (323); the Canalettos from Badminton (186, 189). These six, I understand, are 'important', and I have a sad feeling I shall come round to them before the exhibition closes. I always seem dismally to end by liking whatever has been regarded at some moment in history as significant.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

One Through Another

BLOOMSDAY has lifted the blight that once in Unity's halls seemed fixed. Too often one goes off to the Unity Theatre full of enthusiasm for their plans, only to find all the fervour and good intentions vanished away in a mess of amateur acting and hesitant production. The theatre, of course, has its excuses: inadequate funds and equipment, unpaid actors lack of rehearsal time. But for *Bloomsday* no excuses are needed; it is an excellent, convincing dramatic occasion.

Most of the praise is due to Allan McClelland; he has not only directed the thing with pace, style and imagination, he has also managed the apparently impossible job of making stage sense out of Joyce's vast novel, omitting only the Nighttown scenes which were done by Burgess Meredith at the Arts. Inevitably, 750 pages of *Ulysses* boiled down to two and a half hours' drama sounds at times like the Choral Symphony played on the piano. But when most of Joyce's endless, and often tedious, stylistic jokes are removed, it is extraordinary the speed with which the action and people develop. Mr McClelland has balanced events against the characters' streams of consciousness so skilfully as to give a vivid sense of the fullness of the work whilst using only its bare bones. If nothing else, the play makes a first-rate and accurate introduction to the book.

It is, in fact, this subtle mingling of thinking and happening that helps the director to get such good performances out of the more or less regular Unity Company. He has not transformed them into so many Oliviers overnight, he has simply arranged the play so that they don't, however remotely, have to be Oliviers at all. For the stream of consciousness, even when narrowed down for the stage, is such that the characters move around each other more than they connect. So all that is needed is precision of movement and stylish speaking; not one to another but one through another. Mr McClelland does not always get this: the minor actors generally move well but often speak badly (is an Irish accent *that* hard?): the opening scene between Stephen and Mulligan is disastrously slow, and the close of Molly's soliloquy was drowned by noises off. But all in all, this was a better, more imaginative production than has been seen at the Unity for a long time.

Some of the acting was excellent by any standard Molly, whose soliloquy was cunningly interpolated throughout the play, was given a splendidly rich, sluttish luxuriance by Helen Goldapple. She was intelligent, too, since she brought out what is too easily missed in the book: the jealousy and possessiveness that runs under Molly's apparent contempt for Bloom; that is, the strength of her marriage as well as its broken-down sordidness. The young actress who played Gertie MacDowell (the programme does not say who) brilliantly caught the tone of trashy romance-fed schoolgirl fantasy. Denys Hawthorn's Stephen, unlike his counterpart at the Arts was not forever crucified in a green spotlight. But then he acted with a vitality that, even as Stephen hungover, would have made nonsense of such a gimmick; he was more witty than self-pitying with his cleverness, more sardonic than tortured, more a

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hero in his own right than a tiresome undergraduate. For Joe MacCalum, however, things were not so easy. Not only is Bloom a long, difficult part, it has to be played under the imposing shadow of Zero Mostel. Mr MacCalum gave us a rather wistful, rather fussy Bloom, full of nervousness and goodwill, but with none of the deep, massive Jewish benevolence and humour of Mostel's interpretation. He acted extremely well; but was unfortunate in having to follow an actor of genius. Sean Kenny's set was about as good as anything he has done for the Mermaid; that is, better than most in London.

A. ALVAREZ

Bonded Job

THE OLD firm is back in business. Story and screenplay by Graham Greene; produced and directed by Carol Reed. We attend the unveiling in high hopes. We troop out feeling cheated.

It's hard to say why. *Our Man in Havana* (Odeon) was intended as entertainment, and such it is in its frosty, competent way. To expect more is perhaps a backhanded compliment, but it would be difficult to find a director who has so consistently failed to match his reputation as the gifted manipulator of *The Third Man*. Ten years ago saw the start of it, since when we have had the whimsies of *A Kid for Two Farthings*, the spangles of *Trapeze*, and the wartime spookiness of *The Key*. There has been no progress, except for a glacial inching towards the box-office, and an ever glossier professionalism.

Our Man in Havana unfolds beneath a silicone finish. Alec Guinness clowns soberly as the vacuum-cleaner salesman who finances the capers of his teenage daughter by inventing information for the Secret Service. Recruiting agent Noel Coward marches poker-faced through the Cuban stews, composing a book code from *Lamb's Tales*. Burl Ives, a forlorn Junker with a past, seeks peace but ends up dead in the crossfire. The streets swarm with pimps. Thighs flash, and buttocks bulge in striptease joints. Police Chief Kovacs muses on torture ('It is always by mutual agreement'), and Maureen O'Hara arrives, crisp in a shirtwaist, to beam Our Man's fantasies back to Whitehall. It's all there, down to the smart papist jokes, and the sexy asides that you'll catch if you're quick. But the satire is sterile, because, for all its wit and high style, the story centres on a monstrous game that is played by writer and director with no more than a wry amusement. The tragi-comic ending is largely irrelevant; the moves, the tactics are what really count.

Your reaction, I suppose, depends on what you think is funny. The Whitehall cloak and dagger team, headed by Ralph Richardson bumbling irresolutely between maps of the East and the West Indies, certainly is. The latrine assignation between super-spy Coward, and his new agent ('Keep the taps running, it confuses the microphone') raises a laugh. But the same deadpan approach to murder and execution is something less than hilarious. Kovacs – the damned, smiling villain, who jokes with nuns, and scuds through the city, guarded by an escort of thugs – is genially presented as a charm-school gauleiter, who loves horses, women, and draughts, and who kills, only occasionally, for fun. The dilemma of expatriate Burl Ives, gloomily downing brandy, surrounded by relics of his Imperial past, is played for laughs. The actors do their jobs (especially Messrs Coward, Ives, and Kovacs), but the plot meshes coldly. Charity is lacking.

Incidental pleasures include Maxine Audley as a value-for-money tart; Jose Prieto as a gentle pander; and Paul Rogers as an anti-feminist spy. You can see it's all very adult: but bleak too.

Beloved Infidel (Carlton), a souped-up version of Scott Fitzgerald's final fling with columnist Sheila Graham, is a routine piece of grave-robbing. Gregory Peck plays the fading author, all rumpled and rueful. Deborah Kerr plays his *inamorata*, with clipped vowels, and pencils poised. Predictably, Hollywood comes out of it shining white. No hint of genius being debauched by studio czars; only an echo of the anguish that darkened the last days. The final shot follows Miss Kerr down a sea-scrubbed beach, while a heavenly choir oozes the title song. You can almost hear her whisper: 'They're playing our book.'

PHILIP OAKES

Gramophone Records

COMPOSITIONS like Beethoven's Diabelli Variations and Grosse Fuge Quartet demand a real ability to grasp complex musical forms, as well as technical virtuosity; if this musical understanding is lacking, no amount of brilliant playing will communicate their meaning to the listener. The Grosse Fuge Op. 133 is brought out by Philips, rather optimistically, in their 'Classical Favourites' series (Philips EP ABE 10091). The performance by the Budapest Quartet is sluggish and insensitive, and little attempt is made to differentiate principal and subsidiary parts. What a contrast is Serkin's recording of Beethoven's monumental Diabelli Variations! (Fontana CFL 1030). From beginning to end, the performance attains to a degree of perfection which is rare even in these days of technical brilliance. Furthermore, the harmonic invention which is the most striking characteristic of this work is for once fully brought out. This is, in every respect, an excellent record.

Schoenberg's quartets are difficult, as are Beethoven's: they are also the greatest chamber music of this century. The few performances in this country have nearly always been appalling. Philips have now released the Second (with the soprano part admirably sung by Uta Graf), Third and Fourth Quartets, which have been available for some time in the United States. The performances by the Julliard Quartet will do a great deal to convey the greatness of this music. The ensemble bring real understanding to the works and are free of disturbing mannerisms. Not only are Schoenberg's intentions realised; the Quartet achieves a blended beauty of sound which is all too rare in the performance of music of this complexity. The Fourth Quartet is coupled with performances of Webern's Five Pieces Op. 5, and Berg's early Quartet Op. 3. This record (Philips AO1178L) makes the best possible introduction to the chamber music of the Second Viennese School. The Second and Third Quartets are coupled together (AO1177L) and unfortunately lack sleeve notes. Where is the first Quartet, which is available in the USA? And the String Trio?

Schoenberg expressed interest in Smetana's 'From my Life' Quartet, as being the first chamber music work to make use of a programme. It is difficult to see any great virtues in either this or Smetana's Second Quartet, which are coupled on Supraphon (LPV 420). It is to the credit of the Smetana Quartet that the best of the music receives the most inspired performance. In the E minor, the first movement is rich in material and always interesting; it is excellently played. The performance of the middle movement is dull and the Quartet does not really come into its own again until the melodramatics of the finale. The Second Quartet in D minor seems altogether weaker, though the extraordinary fragmented structure of the first movement is interesting. Here the performance is adequate but no more. The same ensemble plays Schubert's Quartet in D minor ('Death and the Maiden'), and also the marvellous C minor Quartet movement (Supraphon LPV 308). Here the faults of the ensemble are fully brought out: tempi are rarely satisfactory, phrasing and intonation are crude; Schubert's magical textures are not realised; there is no sustained singing tone.

One turns with relief to a performance of Schubert's Piano Trio in B flat Op. 99 played by the incomparable Oistrakh-Knushevitzky-Oborin ensemble, on Columbia (33 CX 1627). No false virtuosity, no gipsy fiddling here. Nothing mars the severe and almost academic purity of tone and interpretation. At the same time the performance is lively and varied. This will certainly be at least one kind of music lover's ideal. Equally excellent in a different way are Mozart's Quartets in E flat K428 and A major, K464 played by the Hungarian Quartet (Columbia 33 CX 1599). This quartet has a warmth of tone which does full justice to movements as 'Wagnerian' in conception as the Andante con moto of the E flat. At the same time the phrasing is precise and tempi are always sensitive. Finally, the Amadeus play Schubert's B flat Op. 168 and Brahms's Quartet in the same key (HMV ALP 1673). This ensemble has developed a polished style together with a manner of interpretation which is so peculiar to them that – as with some of our more celebrated actors – whether it be Schubert, Mozart or Brahms, they always play Amadeus. I am not at all sure that this is a virtue. But certainly their performance is musically conceived and superbly carried through though the flamboyant over-dramatisation of the inessential frequently irritates.

ALEXANDER GOEHR

The Turn of the Switch

IF OTHER critics and I – and viewers, who ought to write serious letters, as distinct from fan-mail, to ITV programme companies more than they do – keep on nagging, as we have nagged for years, about inter-channel clashes between programmes of the same kind, especially drama, perhaps in the end we shall get something done about it and not have to keep on switching schizophrenically from one channel to the other in the vain effort to see two things at once.

The Tuesday night clash of plays is still as bad as ever; and this is the commercial companies' fault, since they moved their mid-week play from Wednesday to Tuesday, which had long been a BBC drama night. It is five months since I reported that talks had begun, within the ITV set-up, with a view to avoiding this clash: nothing has been done.

The second part of the BBC's *Quatermass and the Pit* omnibus revival overlapped with a comparable (but less authentically spine-tingling) ITV effort, *The Voodoo Factor*; and this may be blamed on the BBC, whose

BRITISH FILMS FOR BRITISH AUDIENCES

ASSOCIATED-REDIFFUSION

the London weekday Independent Television Company has bought Independent Film Distributors Ltd. The assets which have been acquired include a considerable number of post-war British first-feature films. These films, which include such outstanding successes as 'African Queen', 'Richard III', 'Moulin Rouge' and 'A Kid for Two Farthings', will be available to British Television and continue to be available to British cinemas.

ARTISTS APPEARING IN THE FILMS INCLUDE:—

RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH	DIANA DORS	KATHARINE HEPBURN	MARA LANE	CHRISTINE NORDEN	JANETTE SCOTT
STANLEY BAKER	SHIRLEY EATON	VALERIE HOBSON	MARGARET LEIGHTON	DENNIS O'KEEFE	SUSAN SHAW
RICHARD BASEHART	JIMMY EDWARDS	BOB HOPE	RONALD LEWIS	LAURENCE OLIVIER	RONALD SHINER
ALFIE BASS	JOSE FERRER	TREVOR HOWARD	GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA	LEE PATTERSON	ALASTAIR SIM
HUMPHREY BOGART	AVA GARDNER	MARTITA HUNT	NIALL MACGINNIS	DENNIS PRICE	SHEILA SIM
ROSSANO BRAZZI	JOHN GIELGUD	JOHN IRELAND	JAMES MASON	BASIL RADFORD	ANTHONY STEEL
MARIO CABRE	GLORIA GRAHAME	FREDA JACKSON	A. E. MATTHEWS	GEORGE RAFT	RICHARD TODD
DIANE CILENTO	RICHARD GREENE	SIDNEY JAMES	LOIS MAXWELL	GREGORY RATOFF	DAVID TOMLINSON
JOAN COLLINS	JOHN GREGSON	JAMES ROBERTSON JUSTICE	BERNARD MILES	RENE RAY	SONNY TUFTS
VALENTINA CORTESA	GRETA GYNT	KAY KENDALL	TERENCE MORGAN	JOAN RICE	MARY URE
PEGGY CUMMINS	JIMMY HANLEY	JENNIFER JONES	ROBERT MORLEY	RALPH RICHARDSON	PETER USTINOV
JAMES DONALD	JULIE HARRIS	JAMES KENNEY	ANDRE MORRELL	BRIAN RIX	CHARLES VICTOR
YOLANDE DONLAN	LAURENCE HARVEY	DAVID KOSSOFF	PEGGY MOUNT	MARGARET RUTHERFORD	SHELLEY WINTERS

ASSOCIATED-REDIFFUSION

Television from London, Monday to Friday

Television House, Kingsway, London W.C.2. *Telephone Holborn* 7888

schedule had been revised at short notice. Much more maddening, however, was last Sunday night's pandemoniac confusion. Any intelligent viewer might have been curious to see the hitherto rather 'broad' comic, Terry-Thomas, in the name-part of an adaptation of *Lord Arthur Savile's Crime*, and from what glimpses I had of it he seemed to have been remarkably well cast and to be carrying off this puff-pastry role with suitable aplomb, in an Edwardian setting as elegant as any I have seen in ABC's 'Armchair Theatre' series. But this overlapped with *two* BBC 'musts': Galsworthy's *Justice* and a *Monitor* which included, indigestibly though in itself enchantingly, yet more drama – a wildly funny extract from *One-Way Pendulum*, N. F. Simpson's play at the Royal Court. Moreover, this extract happened to consist of a trial scene, in which the accused was cross-examined about the precise looseness of the end he had said he was at when he first took up masochism; and the judge, who interposed the sort of questions that judges do interpose, seemed, with his wig and stern, wise face, almost the double of the judge we had been sitting under in *Justice*. Those who listen as well as view were tri-schizoid, if there is such a word; for both *Monitor* and *Lord Arthur* clashed with the repeat of Adamov's *En Fiacre*.

At least, however, this *was* a repeat: TV clashes would not be so intolerable if one knew that each play worth seeing was likely to be repeated reasonably soon – though I doubt if we shall ever be able to afford what is done, according to Mr John Lardner in the *New Yorker*, by New York's independent Channel 13, on which each 'Play of the Week' is given a run of seven two-hour performances. This, as Mr Lardner points out, is impracticable in commercial TV generally 'as long as the networks and their advertisers continue to think of the audience as a single, fidgety individual for whom "time" must be sliced thin and served in different shapes and flavours from day to day.' The fallacy in this notion might at least be borne in mind when we get that third network – especially since we now know that most viewers view, in sum, for far fewer hours a week than lugubrious preachers and politicians think they do.

Justice was a worthy and dignified production of Galsworthy's tract. But sentimental melodrama is preferable when it moves fast and so does not encourage wallowing, and this had the *longueurs* customary in TV presentations of stage-plays: during the judge's fairly pedestrian summing-up, for instance, we might have been allowed a few more reaction-shots, of jurors, counsel, the prisoner, his girl, and so on. Perhaps a restless impatience is an occupational disease of TV critics; but I didn't think that either the summing-up or the delivery of it was of such supreme quality that this concentration was obligatory. Terry Scully was adequately inadequate as the pathetically 'wet' miscreant clerk. Zoe Caldwell conveyed a desperate sincerity with power and charm – the only false note being the upper-middle-class accent with which she spoke the working-class language supplied to her by Galsworthy ('like', for instance, as a colloquial suffix). The acting triumph was that of Paul Rogers – an extraordinarily sensitive and sympathetic study of the conventional but humane chief clerk.

The BBC no doubt revived *Justice* because it is good drama, but it still has its lessons for the anti-penal-reformers, even though some of the evils that it exposed have been removed. It is said that Winston Churchill, when Home Secretary, was stirred to their removal by seeing this play; and the legend is cited to Churchill's credit. One may also regard it as a reflection on him, on the Home Office of the time, and on those who administered prisons: ought the factual enlightenment of a cabinet minister, on important matters within his responsibility, depend on a chance visit to the theatre?

Another outstanding performance, by an actor less experienced than Mr Rogers, was that of Tom Bevan as the boy Miles in another production that ought to be repeated – A-R's *Turn of the Screw*, in the Benjamin Britten-Myfanwy Piper operatic version. (A dramatisation has lately been done on TV in New York, with Ingrid Bergman as the governess.) Tom Bevan had just the right wistful-mischievously puckering face for this part – which may, of course, not be so difficult or dangerous as it seems for a small boy to play, since small boys love 'acting up' to scare their elders. Some critics, more expert in opera than I, praised the production as opera but were less impressed by Mr Piper's swirling abstractions (a welcome substitute for commercials at the psychologically necessary pauses). I disagreed on both counts: I found these Piper designs good to look at in themselves, not merely black and white but, as it were, polychrome, with silver and subtle gradations of grey, and aptly evocative of the story's haunted atmosphere; but the strict vocal conventions of opera seemed even more unnatural in this medium and would, I am almost sure, put off viewers unused to them. But it was a superb thing to do, and ought surely to be chalked up towards that long-awaited knighthood for Mr Adorian or somebody.

TOM DRIBERG

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Correspondence

THOUGHTS ON BRITISH DEFENCE POLICY

SIR,—It is impossible within the space of a letter to discuss the very interesting line of argument which Professor P. M. S. Blackett employs in his article on British defence policy, but there is one section headed 'The Triumph of the Airmen', setting out the author's views of the events which historically led up to the present situation, which deserves comment.

In this section he suggests that the rise in the West of the doctrine of air power was due largely to the struggle of the airmen to free themselves from military and naval control. In order to do so they sought a role which they could exercise independently of the other two services, and found this in the doctrine of attack on the enemy's war-making capacity, rather than on his armed forces. Thus, the author says 'Tactical support of land forces was excluded as a major role of British and American air power (but not of German or Russian) as it would have made the air force strategically subordinate to the army'. If this was indeed so, then the policy would seem to have been remarkably successful, for it was the West which won the land campaigns, largely through the benefit of an often overwhelming superiority in the air; while it was the German air force with the major role of tactical support which lost the war in the air, not temporarily, but decisively and finally.

The West obtained its success in the land/air campaigns in Europe and Africa not by luck but because it followed a doctrine based on experience in the first war that, in sharp contradistinction to fighting on land, the offensive in the air is more powerful than the defensive. In order to obtain a measure of superiority over the enemy air force, with all the freedom of action which that gives, it is necessary to force him on to the defensive. Hence the insistence of the air staff throughout the inter-war years, as well as during the war, on a high priority for the production of bombers of the most powerful categories then capable of being designed and built.

The German air force, on the other hand, thought mainly in terms of the tactical battle with relatively small, short-range aircraft such as those which took part in the Battle of Britain. Except for the 'V' weapon campaign, they made no adequate preparations at any stage of the war to carry out a bombing offensive against this country, with a view to forcing us on to the defensive.

As an illustration of the results which can follow even a weak offensive correctly directed, the Order of Battle of the German air force in the autumn of 1942 shows that some one third of their effective fighter force was pinned down in the close defence of the Reich, and this at a time when the battle for air superiority in North Africa and over the Mediterranean was being decided against Rommel. On all sober calculations the Germans, who could fly aircraft across the Mediterranean in a day, should have been able to outnumber an air force which had to be brought round the Cape by slow convoy, or flown thousands of miles across the central African route. That they were not able to do so was the direct outcome of Bomber Command's attacks on Germany.

It is difficult therefore to agree with the author that 'no real military theory of the "exercise of true air power" . . . was ever achieved', nor on his other thesis that the destruction of the enemy's war-making capacity necessarily depended on the destruction of his cities. Such attacks played no essential part in the air sector of the war at sea - when aircraft disposed of some 50 per cent of the enemy submarines and the great majority of his surface ships sunk in European water. This was a vital campaign in the true meaning of the word, which is all too often forgotten. Nor did the great railway 'interdiction' programme in France before the Normandy land-

ings necessitate attacks on cities - but it certainly reduced the enemy's war-making capacity at the beach-heads.

Admittedly, throughout the early years of the war the attack was on cities, because with the equipment then available it was not technically possible to take on smaller targets by night, although the American air forces did so by day. But as the war progressed and new equipment became available, attacks shifted back to the vital communication targets - rail and oil, which were the targets originally selected for attack by pre-war doctrine.

The important point was that by attacking, and never letting up, the German air force was increasingly forced onto the defensive, until finally in 1945 their factories were turning out more fighters than the western allies put together. But with no pilots to match the output, because the oil for their training had been cut off by the allied offensive, they played little part in the final outcome of the air war.

Because of the totally different conditions under which fighting takes place, one would expect the practice of air warfare to differ from the practice of war on land, and to a lesser extent from that of war at sea. In all these elements a commander would like to destroy the armed forces opposing him, but unfortunately it may be impossible to do so directly, and the only way to bring about the necessary fighting may be to attack something which the enemy must defend. This is a well-known tactic of naval war, and is generally the only tactic available in air war. That at any rate was the plan in the last war, and by its use this country gained superiority in the air, against great initial odds, and thereafter was able to give to the other two services a support which those opposing them lacked.

Of course, all this is of historical interest only, because the scientists have stepped up the power of explosives a million-fold, and all that was learnt of air strategy and air tactics must be re-examined in the light of this revolution, and the lesser revolution caused by the development of electronic methods of prediction and guidance. Nevertheless, there is no present sign that the defence is overtaking the offence or that the pre-war theory of the correct employment of air forces is untenable. The difference is that during this interim period in which we now find ourselves, their immense power must be devoted to preventing, not to waging war.

RALPH COCHRANE

Bladon Castle
Burton-on-Trent

BACKWARDS TO UTOPIA

SIR, - What precisely is the substance of the charges which so many people glibly bring against the BBC, and which cause A. J. P. Taylor in his article this week to equate its demise with the dawn of the millennium of human freedom?

For years, the Light Programme, with its Quizes, its Parades of Pops, its Mrs Dales and its Archers, has brought delight to countless listeners. To unnumbered impecunious provincials like myself the Home Service, from the early days of the crystal set, opened up a new world of chamber music, orchestral concerts, operas and plays. Personally I find it difficult to speak without emotion of that revelation. And, despite the snootiness of the Weeklies and the clamouring of the Dailies, the standards of the Service have been maintained and improved. What commercial undertaking has ever cared a twopenny damn for me and my friends? 'Freedom', says Mr Taylor, 'is what you pay for'. The Tory creed has never been more neatly stated. The purse-strings are manipulated by big business. Big business would scarcely be so foolhardy as to spill good money on a Third Programme which ought to be the pride of the country. One would have thought, incidentally, that this programme contained features which come within measurable distance of the intellectual notice of Oxford dons.

And whence, finally, does Mr Taylor derive his confidence in the future of ITV? In my youth I watched the princes of commerce forced by their own crass incompetence to close almost every theatre in the United Kingdom. Now in middle age I muse on the monumental mismanagement which is rapidly putting up the shutters in all our cinemas.

D. C. R. FRANCOMBE

72 Queen's Road
Loughton, Essex

BIRTH CONTROL DEBATE

SIR, - I should like to thank Mr Drewitt for his thoughtful letter.

The Church does not teach that families should be as large as possible; nor that married folk should have intercourse only when conception is likely; nor that conception must always be the chief motive of such intercourse. What she does teach is that, if people use their marriage rights, they should not at the same time put an obstacle to the direct effect of their act, which is conception if God wishes it.

Contraception is unlawful because such an obstacle is put by those who use their marriage rights. Intercourse during the 'safe period' is lawful because no such obstacle is placed by the married people – it is placed by God when He makes it part of the nature of woman to be sterile at certain times.

I have avoided Mr Drewitt's suggested terminology because I do not think it applies adequately without considerable qualification. Anyway, technical terms are not always very helpful to those who are not technicians!

R. H. EASTWELL, S.J.

Wimbledon College, SW19

SIR, - Father Eastwell's argument is self-contradictory. If God can create during the safe period, it is hardly a method of contraception to be advocated. If not, to rely upon the safe period is, by his own premiss, an abuse of sex.

KILBRACKEN

Caven, Ireland

SIR, - In your issue of 19 December a correspondent shows surprise at finding an advertisement for the Catholic Truth Society in *Family Planning*?

In order to avoid any misunderstanding I would like to point out that it was at the request of the Family Planning Association that this society began advertising in their magazine some three years ago.

The advertisements appear under the heading 'The Catholic Church Condemns Birth Prevention' and contain a list of CTS publications explaining the Church's reasons for condemning artificial birth prevention as being contrary to the natural and the moral law. In the last issue we included a new pamphlet entitled *Overpopulation: Is Birth Control the Answer?*

In October 1958 the editor of *Family Planning* wrote to ask whether in view of the fact that his magazine was carrying advertisements of the Catholic Truth Society we would accept an advertisement of the Family Planning Association in our magazine *Catholic Truth*. In my reply to Dr D. A. Pyke I wrote: 'The principal object of the Catholic Truth Society is to spread knowledge of the teaching of the Catholic Church, and therefore I am sure you will understand the reason why it would be quite impossible for us to accept an advertisement from an organisation whose principal object is to spread knowledge of practices which are completely contrary to the teaching of the Church'.

T. H. RITTNER
General Secretary

Catholic Truth Society
38-40 Eccleston Sq, SW1

F. E. SMITH & CASEMENT

SIR, - Mr Farrell writes:

Dorothy Macargle, in *The Irish Republic* published in 1937, states that the *Boston Post* of 14 January 1918 reported F. E. Smith as having declared at New York that nothing gave him greater delight than the execution of

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Casement and that he had threatened to resign from the Government unless Casement was hanged. The report of the Boston paper is categorical enough and does not appear to have been challenged.

May I draw his attention to page 315 of my book, *F.E.*, where he will find the following:

While F. E. Smith was in the United States a report was published in an American newspaper that he had 'expressed delight' at the execution of Casement. He immediately issued a strong denial that he had made such a statement. One must remember the violent feeling at the time, especially among Irish Americans, who were passionately opposed to the United States entering the war. F. E. Smith was not the only visitor to be misreported. T. P. O'Connor, who was touring America on behalf of John Redmond with the object of enlisting sympathy for the Allies, found that his interviews were so misreported that he was forced to discontinue them.

It appears to me unfortunate that Mr Farrell should see fit to join in a controversy about a book which he has evidently not read.

BIRKENHEAD

24 Wilton Street, SW1

SOUTH AFRICAN BOYCOTT

SIR,—Please allow me to clear up one point in Mr John Dugdale's very welcome article on the South African boycott. Though I have contributed to the organisation of the boycott, I did not myself 'start' it, and I want to put the record straight. The boycott was asked for by the African people of South Africa, and their appeal was transmitted by Mr Tennyson Makiwane, who is the representative in Britain of the African National Congress. The Congress is by far the largest representative organisation of the African people. The Committee of African Organisations was prominent in propagating the appeal.

After my own more recent arrival here, it was decided, after consultation with everyone concerned, to have a campaign limited in its organised duration. This appeal has since been endorsed again and again by the African National Congress and its allies such as the South African Liberal Party.

PATRICK VAN RENSBURG

2 Amen Court, EC4

EDUCATING LITTLE JACK

SIR,—It is very disappointing to find your journal unthinkingly acclaiming the Crowther report's proposal to raise the school-leaving age. I teach at a boys' comprehensive school—a good school, with a varied selection of courses. Most of our boys do in fact stay on until 16; nevertheless I and many of my colleagues – probably a large majority – view with dismay the prospect of having to retain *all* of them until that age. Already we are obliged to cope with a good many 14-year-olds who are getting nothing out of school and contributing nothing but trouble towards it. Frankly, we don't know what to do with them. Separate them into small groups distributed among several forms, and they rot the work and morale of those forms; put them together and you create a blackboard jungle which requires a specially recruited man—probably with a special responsibility allowance—to handle, and in any case becomes a perfect breeding ground for delinquents.

Indeed, it is not generally realised that the raising of the leaving age even to 15 did much to help create the teddy-boy problem. In addition to producing the blackboard jungles found in many urban secondary modern schools, it created a scarcity of juvenile labour, thereby enabling any boy to obtain what was, for his age, a highly lucrative job, without bothering to obtain any qualifications or even a decent school report. The degree of financial independence obtained has also served seriously to weaken parental authority. It is obvious that implementation of the Crowther report's proposal will seriously aggravate the present position, and is likely to be disastrous for those of us who are expected to cope with its consequences.

JOHN D. SOLOMON

12 Park Avenue, SW14

ORAGE AND THE NEW AGE

SIR,—Unlike Margaret Cole, I have seen Paul Selver's book on *Orage and the New Age*, and to say that your reviewer has 'got his perspective wrong' is (if not quite for Mrs Cole's reasons) to put it mildly. Indeed I found the book so bad that the editor of the journal from whom I got it, thought it – understandably – not worth while devoting any of his space to a notice of it. It was not only 'your reviewer' but Mr. Selver himself who 'picked out only literary names'; indeed not only did he fail to include any of those who dealt with social, economic and political issues, but actually omitted all reference to Orage's 'Notes of the Week', which was in the view of not a few good judges the most brilliantly sustained criticism of public affairs which has appeared in England in this century.

Mrs Cole is justified in calling *The New English Weekly* a *revenant;* it was literally such, for Orage returned after a full dozen years of absence from this country to edit it. In any case the problems of 1932 were not those of 1919. I don't think the NEW, which Orage edited for only two and a half years before his death, was either then or right down to 1949, under Philip Mairet, as 'pale' as Mrs Cole suggests, and it certainly was not 'scarcely distinguishable from any other' paper But as to its merits I may well be prejudiced, since for a dozen years I wrote a good deal of it myself.

MAURICE B. RECKITT

United University Club

LONDON'S RUINED CHURCHES

SIR,—Of Hawksmoor's three 'fabulous East London churches' so eloquently evoked by Sir John Summerson recently, St Anne's, Limehouse, is a going concern, while derelict St George-in-the-East is now to be taken care of. There remains Christ Church, Spitalfields, which has stood for years now locked, falling to pieces, and forlorn.

I look out on this glorious and endearing creation of Nicholas Hawksmoor's every morning. Though architecturally it has, I believe, been 'faulted', it is without doubt London's most dramatic and, by its splendid siting, theatrically effective smaller church. It is right and fine to preserve Hawksmoor's memory in books and essays, but a better tribute to his genius would be to save his work.

Our conscience-calming technique in such – admittedly, very difficult cases, is to let some architectural masterpiece rot until we can truthfully say it really is past saving. London – and, indeed, England as a whole – is not rich enough in baroque buildings to allow Christ Church to suffer the melancholy fate of Seaton Delaval. I do pray that all those with authority who honour and admire Nicholas Hawksmoor, will think of Christ Church before it is too late.

COLIN MACINNES

34 Hanbury Street, E1

EDWARD CARPENTER

SIR,—I am writing (for James Clarke & Co.) a biography and new assessment of Edward Carpenter (1844-1929), author of *Towards Democracy*.

I should be grateful if anyone possessing some of his letters or with personal recollections of him would get in touch with me. Any such letters I will transcribe and undertake to return as soon as possible.

E. F. CARPENTER

7 Little Cloister
Westminster Abbey, SW1

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Mind All Alone

THERE is a fine tale of Nathaniel Hawthorne's called *The Christmas Banquet*. It is about an eccentric misanthrope who leaves an annual fund to provide a feast, at Christmas, for the ten most unhappy people within reach of a New England town. Nine of the guests at the first party, their lives crushed by shame, grief, poverty, or sickness, are shocked that the tenth guest is a gay, rich, handsome young man. They treat him as an impostor. Year after year, however, he comes back to the banquet, moving through a distinguished and prosperous manhood to a bland and dignified old age. Nothing awful happens to him, his life is a success, he is amiable, courteous, intelligent; but he casts around him a faint, definite chill. As he grows older, he acquires a prescriptive right to the seat of honour at this banquet of sorrow. The other guests have at least *felt*; life has torn at them with its claws.

It is unfair, but when I read Wallace Stevens, I am always reminded of this tale. Here is poetry which, like the young man at the banquet, has every exterior advantage, air, bloom, poise, sweep. And yet there is a kind of chill at the heart of it. I do not find this sense of chill removed by the funereal decorum of Mr Samuel French Morse's scholarly and thorough introduction to a posthumous selection of Stevens's uncollected verse and prose*. 'He sometimes', Mr Morse tells us, 'complained, with characteristic restraint and humour, that he had grown to resent the way in which business took time that he might otherwise devote to poetry'. It would have been funnier, if less genteel, had Stevens complained about poetry taking time that he might otherwise devote to business. At seventy-five, already five years past the statutory age of retirement from the insurance company of which he was vice-president, he refused a great honour, the Charles Eliot Norton professorship of poetry at Harvard, because it would mean being a year away from the office; and after a year away he would really, at last, have to retire. One can think of the office as the shell into which a hermit crab thrusts its vulnerable tail. Yet the poems are shells, too; beautiful objects, but protective ones; they do not let one get at Stevens.

Stevens's success in business was, in fact, perhaps something not terribly separate from his success in poetry. His poetry has an air of sumptuousness, *chic*, expensiveness, 'conspicuous consumption': for work in his lines, only posh epithets need apply. And in some of the prose pieces which Mr Morse includes there is a note of impersonal unction or even uplift, all too clearly reminiscent of high-grade copy-writing – as here:

> There is one most welcome and authentic note: it is the insistence on a reality that forces itself upon our consciousness and refuses to be managed and mastered. It is here that the affinity of art and religion is most evident to-day. Both have to mediate for us a reality not ourselves. This is what the poet does. The supreme virtue here is humility, for the humble are they that move about the world with the love of the real in their hearts.

We can all be humble, if that is true, on easy terms. We all love money or comfort or display or pleasure or power. The truly humble, of course, are not those who love something as vague and abstract and slippery as 'the real' but those who love their neighbours, or God in their neighbours. Stevens did not; God for him was an exploded concept and people, as compared with scenes and atmospheres and states of consciousness, were not very interesting. Mr Morse quotes this: 'Life is an affair of people not of places. But for me life is an affair of places and that is the trouble.' And a later and bleaker aphorism: 'Life is not people and scene but thought and feeling.' It is not hard to see why a younger American writer once thumbnail-sketched Stevens, at a poetry conference, as 'John D. Rockefeller drenched in attar of roses.'

I am aware, in saying all this, of yielding to insular prejudice. 'Nothing,' Stevens himself tells us in this book, 'could be more inappropriate to American literature than its English source since the Americans are not British in sensibility.' He also says: 'French and English constitute a single language.' The feeling, on the other hand, of a typically English poet like Robert Graves is that French into English won't go (as we say six into eleven won't go). The contemporary poet who throws most light on Stevens's theory and practice is Paul Valéry. Valéry's ideal of the poem as self-contained object, self-sufficient, self-explanatory, is the end-product of French symbolism and has been finely questioned, in the name of communication and society, by a great American critic, Kenneth Burke, discussing what happens when we treat the individual mind as self-sufficient (there is no God, so my consciousness is God), says:

> The ideal of such a development would obviously be close to that of Valéry . . . who finds that the 'complete philosophical method' would make expression in overt art a pure irrelevance. Such method would be developed in its internal perfection, concerned with associational adjustments alone, and would have the symmetry of a 'closed circle'. The importance of Marx's materialistic emphasis is precisely the fact that it warns us against this 'onanistic' ideal. The pressure *comes from without* the circle – and the circle *leads to an act* outside itself.

For me, the French influence spoils most of the prose that Mr Morse includes. It is not true that the French are logical, the English not; the English excel at logic, the French at rhetoric; but French rhetoric tends to sound shoddy in English. Stevens is full of it: 'Reality is not what it is. It consists of the many realities which it can be made into.' What is the cash-value of that? Possibly, 'Facts are merely raw material for many kinds of interpretation.' Or: 'What reality lacks in a *nœud vital* with life.' Cash-value? Something (science, perhaps?) lacks an immediate relevance to something else (poetry, perhaps, or our feelings?). All Stevens's adages tend to be vague and pretentious, after this fashion; he is not a Pascal, a Rochefoucauld, or even, at the level at which one listens to him with most respect, that of purely aesthetic speculation, a T. E. Hulme. He suggests much more an early sage in the pure New England transcendentalist tradition, like Emerson. The elder Henry James said of Emerson that he found 'that certain transcendalist and platonic phrases *named* beautifully that *side* of the universe which for his soul . . . was all important.' 'Reality' for Stevens is a powerful emotive term, not a philosophic concept; and one could apply to his wisdom also William James's remark about Hegelianism that it 'encouraged men to *see* the world good rather than to *make* it good.'

One sees, in a way, why he did not want the Charles Eliot Norton professorship. Teachers have to answer questions, to expand tight formulations into loose but socially workable demonstrations of what 'they really mean.' Stevens was a preacher rather than a teacher. The poetry and prose of Yeats, for instance, at its best, is a kind of unending conversation with the reader. Stevens's writing holds too tightly together in its own terms, looks too little warmly or inquisitively outwards, to be conversible. He worried a great deal himself about this problem of 'thought' and 'poetry.' In an essay in this book, he discusses Lucretius's *De Rerum Natura* and Pope's *Essay on Man* as examples of poems where we, today, do not find either the 'thought' or the 'poetry' impressive. The poetry in both these great works strikes me, in the end, as being more impressive than Stevens's poetry just because the thought comes out of a more coherent tradition. Stevens's philosophical 'thought' was entirely eclectic. Philosophical friends wrote to him, summing up, with drastic simplification, the main insights of great philosophers. He read students' guide-books to the history of philosophy. It was all darting and magpie-like, but since it went along with a quite exceptional power of presenting in language, not thought, but the gestures of thought, the emotional predicaments of a man about, consciously, to begin to think, it could produce major poetry.

That is what one should insist on, at the end of this apparently grudging piece. I care nothing for the 'wisdom' of Stevens, and his method of writing a poem seems almost designed to protect the poet from the trouble of living, suffering, confessing. Mr Morse, though a very devout admirer, admits that there is much repetition in Stevens's work. The repetition, however, is part of the greatness. Great writers often *are* monotonous; a whole life-time may not be too long for the progressive definition,

* *Opus Posthumous. Poems, Plays, and Prose.* By WALLACE STEVENS. Edited by SAMUEL FRENCH MORSE. *Faber*. 36*s*.

and the expandingly subtle illustration, of a single insight. Stevens saw that we are enclosed in a world of perceptions which the mind can stress, and give tone to, in many different ways. He saw the mind as voraciously digesting, incorporating, everything, and that which the mind cannot incorporate, but only recognize, was for him the stuff of religion and poetry. 'Certainly a sense,' Stevens says, 'of the infinity of the world is the sense of something cosmic. It is cosmic poetry because it makes us realize in the same way in which an escape from all our limitations would make us realize, that we are creatures, not of a part, which is our everyday limitation, but of a whole for which, for the most part, we have yet no language.' There is something Whitmanesque in this concentration on the All rather than the One, and in the infinite expansibility, also, of Stevens's rhetoric.

The spaciousness is, however, accompanied, as Whitman's is not, with an exultation in images of deprivation, frostily savoury on the tongue:

> He is not here, the old sun,
> As absent as if he were asleep.
>
> The fields are frozen. The leaves are dry,
> Bad is final in this light . . .

Such images test the power of mind, its creative power against its own destructiveness, and we are told

> It is here, in this bad, that we reach
> The final purity of the knowledge of good.

There is a poem in this volume about a journalist getting out of a bus, finding

> a clearness emerging
> From cold, slightly tinged, slightly bedazzled,
>
> But a perfection emerging from a new known,
> An understanding beyond journalism,
>
> A way of pronouncing the word inside one's tongue
> Under the wintry trees of the terrace.

Journalism must put down signposts, mark edges; I have not been more than journalistic in these cursory remarks. I have been too anxious, perhaps, to insist on the importance of not swallowing Stevens whole. He writes, I think, very poor and often very pretentious criticism and wisdom-literature; he is a cultural show-off; but he does give us, at his best, as a poet, 'a perfection emerging from a new known.

G. S. FRASER

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March the Third

Think of an eighty-year-old poet who could sing
as fine and clear as a bat's brain or an owl's heart,
one who lived thinking of nothing but his own art
as pure as a self-begotten fire dying:

and think of all these gaunt-nosed heroes
who meditate our myths and languages,
of whom not one has breathed from the influences
in the brain's necropolis, where no breath blows

so bitter or from such a dead distance
but carries some ring of the air, can tell
of human reason swinging like a bell
and echoing blind in a self-mirroring trance;

and I, half into spring, with a jerking sense,
and alien from these sober-haired poets.
recall what leaf smothers, what time forgets,
one thunder-winged and sun-bright influence.

PETER LEVI S.J.

The Long River

The musk-ox smells
in his long head
my boat coming. When
I feel him there,
intent, heavy,

the oars make wings
in the white night,
and brave woods are close
on either side
where trees darken.

I rowed past towns
in their black sleep
to come here. I passed
the northern grass
and cold mountains.

The musk-ox waits
in the dark shade
of pine needles, and
the wood is thick
with old pleasures.

DONALD HALL

The Eiger's North Face

The White Spider. By HEINRICH HARRER. Trans. HUGH MERRICK. *Hart-Davis.* 30*s*.

Heinrich Harrer came to spend his seven years in Tibet because he had been interned in India at the beginning of the war; he was in India because he was a member of the 1939 German expedition to Nanga Parbat; and he won his place on that expedition because he had been one of the first party to climb the North Face of the Eiger in 1938. This climb has remained the outstanding event of his life – 'not even my great experience in Tibet which gave such a decisive twist to my life has ever succeeded in cancelling it out' – and now he has written a book to record not only his own climb, but all the attempts that preceded it, all the failures and successes that followed. Fifteen times at least the exhilarated, apprehensive reader is taken in sympathy up that monstrous wall: when for the seventh or eighth time he has swung sideways across the Hinterstoisser Traverse, inched round the 'Traverse of the Gods', and fought his way up the exit cracks from the White Spider snowfield, even the potterer among foothills feels quite an old Eiger hand. But the story doesn't become monotonous, for Harrer is always concerned to draw out the particularity of each experience: what the climb meant to each party, bringing their own special hopes, motives and abilities, and meeting conditions – of weather, snow, ice – which changed from season to season, rope to rope. Out of experiences which most of his readers are no more likely to share than they are to spend seven years in Tibet, he has again made a book which is enthralling in its events, warming in its humanity.

This North Face of the Eiger is a great wall five thousand feet high; the rock strata are tilted downwards, like roof-tiles; the three snowfields are swept by avalanches; the whole is raked by falling stones and subject to storms which brew up with dreadful suddenness. Nearly everybody who has been on it speaks of feeling 'hunted'. The scale terrifies: 'If one compares the stature of man with that of the Face', said one of the first party, 'man simply disappears. I could never have believed that this knowledge could oppress the human spirit like a nightmare'. Those of the truly splendid photographs in the book which were taken from the air make the whole thing look perpendicular – you can't see what keeps the snow on. Those taken by the parties in action show something only slightly less steep: passages of snow-plastered rock which would be formidable enough as isolated incidents in a climb, but which here follow each other relentlessly over thousands of feet of height – or, rather, days and nights of endurance. But this savage place isn't at the back of beyond: it rises above the cow-pastures of Grindelwald; gouged deep in its mass is the Jungfraujoch railway, indeed at one point there is a gallery window on to the Face; and the ordinary route up the Eiger is at points only a few hundred yards from the Face route. So the men who have climbed at the limit of possibility, who have spent nights tied to the rock on a ten-inch ledge, clung to an ice-piton while an avalanche swept over them, have been followed through telescopes, spied from aircraft, shouted at from the railway window – and their actions reflected straight on to press and radio. Constantly the drama is given a further twist from the juxtaposition of danger and safety: the most poignant

incident in the book to me was when a climber on the normal route shouted across to an Italian who had been on the Face for seven days, and over the impassable stretch between them came the man's last words, *'Fame – Freddo'* – hunger, cold.

The expedition on which this happened (in 1957) is severely criticised by Herr Harrer: he thinks the leader, Corti (who was rescued from the top by a man descending 1,000 feet on a steel cable), was vainglorious, naively ambitious, and ignorant of his own limitations. But elsewhere he is at pains to show that the men who tackle the Eiger are not crazier, nor more reckless, than other climbers: of his own three companions on the first ascent he says, 'I can think of no more normal men.' Common-sense, patience, and an open-eyed courage – plus, of course, superlative technique – are the qualities he rates as most necessary to the enterprise. Certainly the list of attempts and successes at the end of the book is a roll-call, not of psychopaths, but of aces – Schlunegger, Terray, Lachenal, Monney, Buhl, Rébuffat, Magnone. (No British party has yet made an attempt.) The popular idea of the Face is of a killer, and indeed 17 men have died on it. But Harrer persuades us that for those who have mastered it, the experience is life-enhancing, generating confidence and vitality which are carried over into the rest of the climber's life. Certainly he has passed on his own exhilaration in this terrific book.

British, French and Swiss climbers used to suppose that the driving force behind the attempts by Germans and Italians in the mid-Thirties was a fanatic nationalism, that the climbers had been ordered to bag this greatest of mountain prizes for the glory of Duce or Führer. But Harrer shows that not only did the parties have no official support, but one couple of Germans were officially forbidden even to try. Of course there has been some element of competition between nationalities, and between individuals: but what concerns Harrer, what fires him to his most eloquent passages, are the moments when all personal ambition has been swept away. When he climbed the Face, they set out in two ropes of two; they ended as one of four 'Each of us was responsible for the lives of the others, and we refused to be separated any more.' Again, when Rébuffat's French party was on the Face at the same time as Buhl's Austrian rope and a German pair, they started in touchy independence, but ended again as one rope – 'a European rope' – of men who saw their common interest lay in acting together, supplementing each other's strength, compensating for each other's weakness.

It is no longer quite so extraordinary to climb the Face. Several parties did, this last summer. But not one of those who has done it ever wants to do it again, and Herr Harrer's book is more likely to scare off, than draw on, the ambitious young. But he has proved, I think, that what used to be written off as beyond the limits of 'sane mountaineering' is, for a handful of men of exceptional skill and temperament, just within them.

JANET ADAM SMITH

Recent new editions include Herbert Morrison's *Government and Parliament* (Oxford, 30s.); Dicey's *Law of the Constitution* (Macmillan, 35s.), and Sir Patrick Abercrombie's *Town and Country Planning* (Oxford, 7s. 6d.).

Freedom and Order

Public Order in the Age of the Chartists. By F. C. MATHER. *Manchester U.P.* 32*s.* 6*d.*

Chartism has topical interest. This is not because of what happened in Britain more than a hundred years ago, but because of what is happening in Africa today. There are so many tempting parallels, some of them deceptive, that even a work of detached historical scholarship may acquire a special kind of contemporary relevance. Mr Mather's useful and tidy study of one aspect of the Chartist story is grounded in a careful and thorough examination of documentary materials, yet its interest derives more from its implications than from its conclusions. It begins with a quotation from William Temple – 'Order is to be valued as the basis of freedom; only in a well-ordered society are the members of society really free': it ends with a measured tribute to the police reforms of nineteenth-century Britain which, while they preserved the freedom of legitimate action, arrested disorder before it obtained a foothold. According to Mr Mather the conquest of 'mob disorder' and the creation of institutions able to maintain public peace was one aspect, and an important one, of the 'general march of progress'.

In this analysis Chartism is seen almost entirely from above. Many of its leaders appear as 'demagogues', its crowds are 'mobs'. The second chapter – an extremely interesting one – is called 'the ladder of authority', and 'authority' is the custodian of order. 'When rioting occurred the authorities had no option but to put it down unless they were prepared

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to abdicate from their responsibilities and deliver the destinies of the nation into the hands of a mob. Recent writers, notably Mr Rudé, have shown how tendentious this language may be. The 'mob' is not faceless. There was often logic behind the 'demagogy'. The demand for the recognition of human dignity was as real as the demand for the Six Points.

Moreover, if Chartism is viewed not from above but from below, it begins to take on new shapes. It had its own brand of 'constitutionalism', which needs close analysis. In the opinion of many of the Chartists it was 'authority' which had destroyed older forms of 'order': in the opinion of the rest, order could only be established on a new social and economic foundation. Were they wrong in carrying resolutions that there should be no Police whatsoever 'until the working classes had a voice in the making of the laws in the land'? When Temple said that 'order is to be valued as the basis of freedom' he had something different in mind from 'public order'. he was thinking of other institutions besides the Army and the Police. The language of public order often has its own rhetoric, particularly in disturbed social situations like that in Britain during the ten years after 1838.

As a detailed historical monograph Mr Mather's study is compact and illuminating. Some of his points are new. He points out, for example, that two factors 'alleviated the shortage of troops' in England in the age of the Chartists – the tranquillity of Ireland during the early years of the period and the coming of the railways. He rightly emphasises also that, considered as a whole, the disturbances of the Chartist period were far less destructive than those of a previous generation. He writes at length and with great learning not only about soldiers and policemen but about spies. What is disturbing is that in his desire to extol order he sometimes seems to be in danger of overlooking the conditions of freedom. Once again, the problem is topical, particularly in relation to Africa. How are freedom and order to be related to each other? May not 'the Chartist phase' itself be a necessary stage in 'the general march of progress'?

ASA BRIGGS

Take a Butcher's . . .

Stand on Me. By FRANK NORMAN. *Secker & Warburg.* 16s.

The title of this book is Soho-ese for 'I'm telling you' or 'You can take my word for it,' and this is a further volume of autobiographical gatherings from the author of *Bang to Rights* and *Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'Be*.

Mr Norman was about 17 when he drifted into being a lay-about at Number 86, a Soho 'kayf'. lived with 'brasses' (tarts), stole, burgled, went to jail a few times, was cut up and emerged from all that, by some remarkable effort of will, to become a natural comic writer. He has no self-pity, no desire to shock, exploit, heighten effects, teach or complain. Low life was his life ten years ago and he writes about it without sentimentality and partly in the language and spelling of the gutter with overtones from, perhaps, comic masters like Salinger and Wodehouse. If he hasn't read them then one can only say that Salinger is a *lingua franca* and that the tongue of Jeeves and Wooster was a higher form of the utterance of low life. About picking up a girl at Number 86 under the eye of Gregorious, the proprietor, Mr Norman has this to say:

> Mind you, he used to get the needle to us mob every now and then, especially when someone had knocked him for a meal, or even a cup of tea, but you can't really blame him for this, or can you? But it was a right giggle whenever he did get the needle because he looked as though he was suffering from erysipelas, because his boat would go as red as a beetroot. But to get back to the young chick, when she had finished the tea, I began to rabbit her again . . . I asked her how old she was and she replied she was seventeen, this might have been a little bit of the old moody . . .

Occasionally Mr Norman goes back to have a nostalgic butcher's at the old gaff: to clock the birds and the geezers with their greasy barnet, the flashy brasses with their boat-races done up like dolls, the ponces, tea-leaves, con-men, the jump-up merchants and the lay-down merchants, the clip-joint girls, the no-homers who are 'strictly for the charver stakes' or (to put it another way) for going case with. For the first page or two this kind of prose sounds like an awkward monologue by some over-earnest convert to Esperanto who is working a short vocabulary to death, but presently one catches its peculiar rhythm. The spell begins and when an occasional bit of low life Wooster comes out – 'birds are birds and who can understand their minds? Better men than me have tried and it has availed them nothing' – we grin with pleasure at the mixture. Mr Norman is a born comic and a late self-education has not on the whole damaged the gift.

The comic foundations of his seedy, dangerous, hungry and idle amoralists are their simplicity of mind and their obsessions. There were the crackpots, the 'tortured intellectuals' with half an idea, the frantic ponces whose day was passing. There was Pitiful Sid who went about snivelling that he had just buried his mother and even 'started giving me the old moody about his late father', the only member of the family 'who hadn't kicked the tin'. After a few visits Somerset House would not let him in because of his smell. There was a spook (a coloured man) called Snowball who had come on a banana boat, with the idea of growing marijuana. The simpleton tried a few seeds on a bomb-site, then in flower-pots without success. At last he had a vision of genius. He went off and dropped a few seeds in the corner of one of the hothouses at Kew. A few weeks later he and his friends were awed to see the gardener watering the young plants carefully and tying them up. Joyfully they waited until the harvest was ready and then sneaked in and reaped it. This is farce in the high O. Henry manner. It is matched by another episode in the life of Alf, the '22 carat ponce' who had had ten or twelve 'birds out on the bash in the manor' at one time but now was reduced to five 'most of them doing only knee tremblers down the Baze' *i.e.* did their job standing up. Alf had the nasty idea of collecting spook girls as they came off the boat train at Victoria, putting them into a flat and sending them on the streets. About that, they copped a deaf 'un, otherwise appeared not to hear. He got them to the flat but there they made an African encampment and refused to leave it. They stood the beds up on end so as to make a house and roofed it with shawls. Inside they were cooking on a brazier made out of an oil drum. They had never lived in a room before. Alf was dished and Mr Norman rescued him, by offering them a large hunting ground. They packed up at once, eager for

it. He led them to Hyde Park. They were delighted at the prospect before them. A cruel story; goodness knows whether it is true; but this, like the account of the queers' wedding shows Mr Norman's gift for farce. He is no less sardonic about the time he was cut up by the razor boys. Usually there is an undertone of hatred in books on low life, but there is none in his. His humour has purged it and perhaps his humour also accounts for the fact that he was able to get out. He matured. He was too intelligent to stick to a life of half-doped ignorance, nastiness and misery; too honest to be sentimental about the greyness of a life he knew from the inside, or to pretend either that he did not accept it with some youthful conceit, fear and lazy pleasure when he was in it.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Finnegan Begun Again

The Books at the Wake. By JAMES S. ATHERTON. *Faber.* 30s.

Only the stupidest exegetes don't sometimes stop to ask themselves whether, in their explications of even the thorniest texts, they aren't somehow missing the point, reading in a way the author never intended. But *Finnegan's Wake* is one work about which they can have no qualms. It's clear that Joyce wrote the book for exegetes, and indeed in such a way that reading it, and exegesis of it, are one and the same thing. The same is true of all the Sacred Books of the world, the scriptures of various religions; and sure enough the *Wake* presumptuously challenges comparison with these.

In this presumption Joyce is like Yeats, who sometimes spoke of his poetry, considered altogether, as in intention 'a Sacred Book of the Arts'. And both the Irishmen apparently inherited this wild ambition from Mallarmé. But Yeats seems to have understood Mallarmé hardly at all, and it's surely he, not Joyce as Mr Atherton says in this study of literary allusions in the *Wake*, who consistently offended against the Mallarmean injunction to abandon 'the enthusiastic personal direction of the phrase'. It's true (and this is what Mr Atherton means) that the whole Joycean cosmogony, designed to supplant by subsuming all others, is only the projection on to a cosmic screen of sexual and blood relations as he had known them in one human family, his own: *Finnegan's Wake* is as compulsively autobiographical as everything else Joyce wrote. (Joyce would acknowledge this, and justify it, as Mr Atherton realises.) But what Mallarmé seems to have meant is that the language should be allowed to go its own way, not the way of the author. And this is never true of Yeats, but always of Joyce, at least in *Finnegan's Wake*, where the language is under no strain at all, but is simply set free to behave according to its own unruly nature. And this means that in the *Wake* Joyce is still in touch with at least one reality outside his own head, the reality of language; whereas Yeats's 'ad-libbing' with words (to use R. P. Blackmur's term for it) shows him imperiously making language plastic, infinitely malleable, like clay in his hands. It's this respect for an irreducible reality outside himself which enabled Joyce to combine this Mallarmean ambition with the superficially irreconcilable model of Ibsen, of which Mr Atherton has just and penetrating things to say.

In fact my only other quarrel with Mr Atherton is about Berkeley, as to whom I believe one can't say any longer, 'Berkeley held that the things which are called sensible material objects are not external but exist in the mind'. All the rest of the time this book seems to me accurate, sensible and endlessly informative – about how Joyce, for instance, trying to subsume all existing scriptures, incorporated into his text as many of them as possible (Mr Atherton, incidentally, has no patience with Joyce the good Catholic after all, or Joyce the Thomist); or else about those literary sources, notably Swift and Lewis Carroll, who are hardly less important in the *Wake* than Ibsen is. Indeed I enjoyed this book so much, being myself only tepidly a Joycean, that I feel guiltily how I like it much more than I like *Finnegan's Wake*. The behaviour of language is so much more delightful in the exegete's selective slow-motion, than when it squirms and fidgets pell-mell through hundreds of pages.

DONALD DAVIE

Heroes

The Heroes of the Greeks. By C. KERENYI. *Thames & Hudson.* 35s.

The Gold of Troy. By ROBERT PAYNE. *Hale.* 18s.

It was said of the seventy translators of the Septuagint that thirty knew Greek but no Hebrew, thirty Hebrew but no Greek, and ten neither language. Has something of the sort gone wrong between Professor Kerenyi, who is a Hungarian classical scholar turned Jungian and writing in German, and his translator, Professor Rose, who is a classical scholar out of sympathy with Jungian notions? Consider one sentence of a dozen of similar obscurity: 'The origin of the peculiarity and uniqueness of a being brought into the world by his mother as something astonishingly new, which never was there before, the immediacy of the intrusion into the world resulting as a unique career, appears in heroic mythology as a divine origin.' If it means that the feeling that a new child is unique is expressed in myths of divine parenthood, it fits into the general tone of the introduction, which I take to be this:

> The hero is originally historical, but to find him firmly in history is to belittle him; he is overspread with a glory of the divine. Yet his humanity and his contact with death is essential. The heroes died and illuminate from the underworld. Their cult was as for the ghost gods downwards into the earth. Behind the hero-myths as we know them in later poets is a primary myth, tragic and bound up with the mystery religions and man's conquest of death. Primary myth originated in Mycenaean times when Kings were sons of the gods and were buried with a belief in their future power to help the state. Because Dionysus in a mystery religion was a king of the underworld, the heroes are so to say the saints of the miracle plays we know as Attic Tragedy.

If we take these views as partial truth about some of the myths, we may accept them with excitement where they help in a difficult interpretation of tragedy, as in *Oedipus at Colonus* or *The Women of Trachis*, and forget them where they make hardly any sense as in the Agamemnon trilogy or in the myths as remembered by Homer. For in Homer the Gods are figures of fun because they can suffer only from ill-temper, and the heroes are

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tragic *because they have not mastered death.*

In the narrative of the hero-myths and their variants the style is said to be that of a learned Greek islander of our own time. If so, this one is intelligible but uncrisp, drops into mock archaic when he is quoting, and has no sense of humour. To turn from him to Robert Graves's *Greek Myths* is like eating a crust of new bread after chocolate goo. Yet in disliking this book I am aware of being unfair to it. It is a work of immense and useful scholarship, containing 2,685 references to some 280 Greek and Latin books. The indexes are complete and the illustrations visually exciting.

Heinrich Schliemann in *The Gold of Troy* appears as one of the surviving types of hero – the tycoon. Born in 1822 he spent his childhood in the years when the classical revival was coloured by Gothick romance. At seven he planned to excavate Troy (or so he later said, for he was a creator of his own myth). At fourteen he was an outcast into grocery. Intending to emigrate to America he survived appalling shipwreck, began to learn languages – one in six weeks - made a fortune in Russia, another in the California gold rush, and at forty had an income of £1,500,000 a year. Capable of being passionately in love he became a citizen of Indiana in order to be divorced from a frigid wife, and married a Greek maiden chosen for him by a friend, the peerless Sophia whom we so often see wearing the golden diadem of Troy. For in middle age, using Homer and Pausanias as guide-books, he found more golden treasure at Troy and Mycenae than all the other archaeologists ever since, and, by his discovery of the shaft-graves, founded the science of Aegean prehistory.

Of course he was a card, a tycoon. But he used his riches to dig huge, deep, long trenches, several at a time to confuse the Greek or Turkish overseers. (The treasure he stole from the Turks has disappeared from Berlin into Russia.) He became what he longed to be, the illuminator of the ancient world. No other methods then known could have discovered conspicuous ancient treasure, and no other discovery could have caused the same giant stride in archaeology. Mr Payne bustles along in quick-step journalese and doesn't pretend to be writing anything but a popular biography. As such it is highly readable.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

contemporary

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All Too Modest Proposals

Social Principles and the Democratic State. By S. I. BENN and R. S. PETERS. *Allen & Unwin.* 32*s.*

Most of the great political philosophers have survived in memory by the force of their exaggerations, by their dramatic over-emphasis of one aspect of political experience. The distrust of political philosophy in our time is one aspect of the distrust of philosophy itself, as tending always to exaggeration in the interests of dramatic simplicity and of the excitements of system-building. The academic study of politics has in consequence become less and less philosophical, and British philosophers have been making only the most modest claims in their contributions to political thought. The quiet men of the last century, like Walter Bagehot, are now summoned from the grave because their mediocrity protected them from error; at least they did no harm and, as they were not philosophers, no one was deceived. Mr Benn and Mr Peters intend to bring analytical philosophy and the study of political principles closer together, and, within the modest limits that they set themselves, they certainly succeed. But their modesty as philosophers, typical of the orthodoxy of the 1950's, seems to me a mistake. Political philosophy need not be as unspeculative, safe and domestic as it is here.

They write clearly and usefully about the nature of law and about the varieties of law and the confusions between them. They can base themselves on the outstanding work that has been done, and is being done, by analytical philosophers on the edges of philosophy and of jurisprudence. The modest method in philosophy which abstains from speculation and concentrates on a few essential distinctions, is at home here with its proper material. But it becomes inept and untruthful when it is applied to the issues of free-will and personal responsibility. Different conceptions of personality, each with a long history and with millions of believers behind them, have to be compared if the doubts of those who waver are to be understood. No one who has ever felt the problem of responsibility to be a real one can be convinced by the kind of 'solution' that is proposed here; one disputed conception of personality, and of action and of the causes of action, has to be assumed to be valid before the solution can even be stated. This is a failure of philosophical imagination. If the speculative element in philosophy is discouraged, and only analytical philosophy is left, the power to enter into habits of thought that are remote from one's own will soon be discouraged also. Then only the philosopher who has himself experienced a conversion will be able to state the issues of free-will and responsibility justly

Mr Benn and Mr Peters do distinguish and explain the principles of social policy in liberal and democratic states, and they offer a reasoned defence of a modified utilitarianism in politics. Any liberal democrat who already knows what he believes will know rather more clearly after reading this long and patient book. But he will not be confronted with his enemies or be led to understand the strength of their position. Because there is no adequate account of Hegel's philosophy, there is no serious account of nationalism as part of a system of belief. Yet nationalist movements are gaining ground from liberal democrats in almost every part of the world. That this would unavoidably happen was one of the conclusions of Hegel's speculative philosophy. Perhaps he had good grounds for his arrogant prediction; perhaps there are truths concealed among the exaggerations of the speculative philosophers, truths that could not be discovered in any other way.

This is a good text-book of democratic theory. But it is also too comforting, too undisturbed.

STUART HAMPSHIRE

An Age and an Image

The Bodley Head Scott Fitzgerald, Vol. II. *Bodley Head.* 20*s.*

This volume consists of four essays written in the Thirties, 'Echoes of The Jazz Age', 'My Lost City', 'Ring' (memories of Ring Lardener) and 'Early Success'; four short stories, three from the last years of Fitzgerald's life; the letters to his daughter which first appeared in *The Crack-Up*, and *Tender Is the Night*. The anonymous editor of this volume has decided to follow the original version of *Tender Is the Night*, and surely this is right.

One of the most fascinating novels of our time, demanding and repaying several readings, it is not by any means a perfect work. Under-rated when it first appeared, it is in danger of being overpraised now. It is in fact a bit of a muddle But what is wrong with it is certainly not the beginning which, in its establishing of Dick Diver's set and his 'trick of the heart' his seemingly magical capacity to impose harmony on those about him, through the response of a young girl, is one of the best openings in fiction and essential, one would have thought to Fitzgerald's purpose. Where the novel goes wrong, as Professor Mizener made clear in *The Far Side of Paradise*, is in the handling of time; while the sequence of events is plain enough, the slowness of Diver's disintegration and his wife's reversion to the callously egotistic values of her family ('The very rich are different from you and me') is, as Professor Mizener shows, unclear

The Great Gatsby, in the last analysis, is about the United States, about the specific nature of American experience: *Tender Is the Night* is about Fitzgerald It is one of those constantly beguiling, imperfect works of art which we read both for the light it throws on its author and in the light of its author's life. Fitzgerald's tragedy was that he epitomised an age, the age for which he himself provided the stock defining adjective, alike in his writings and his mode of living, and did so while he was still a very young man. When the age was finished so was he. One reads the famous essay 'Echoes of the Jazz Age', written in 1931, and realises with a start that its author was only 35 - with the same shock indeed that one realises that the old warrior who wrote the letters to Frances Scott Fitzgerald, so desperately obsessed with the

necessity of shoring fragments against his ruins, was a man in his early forties.

After the Jazz Age was ended all Fitzgerald's work, except for the commercial short stories, was in the nature of obituaries and post-mortems upon himself. *Tender Is the Night* is the most sizeable of these, a rendering in terms of fiction of the stages of what seemed to him the appalling fact of his spiritual and emotional bankruptcy.

Fitzgerald is important to us, and will remain so for a very long time, both for his writings, the best of which has classic stature, and for what he was himself: a man who lived at the heroic pitch of desperation. We find in him as much as in any man of our time, *le cœur mis à nu*, particularly, perhaps, in the papers in *The Crack-Up*, which one hopes the Bodley Head will publish in a later volume. He is, of course, a gift for the moralists; but he has undercut them by being his own moralist as, in this volume, the letters to his daughter make abundantly plain.

WALTER ALLEN

Heart of Darkness

Beyond the Mountains of the Moon. By EDWARD H. WINTER. *Routledge.* 28*s.*

For an epigraph to his book Dr Winter chooses these words by Mrs Elspeth Huxley:

> Here is Africa as it used to be, its people remote, uncivilized, riddled, no doubt, with horrible diseases and cruel superstitions, cooped up in their narrow world, ignorant of spiritual values: nevertheless, for reasons which remain obscure, infinitely more given to laughter and the joy of life than the generation that is superseding them.

This is nonsense. Mrs Huxley should know better, and so should Dr Winter, for they are writing about the same tribe, the Amba of western Uganda. The Amba are indeed one of the few truly African societies remaining, thanks largely to the isolation of their country behind the huge ramparts of the Ruwenzori. Few foreigners have visited the territory, and the other African inhabitants of Uganda regard the Amba as 'savages'. After reading Dr Winter's account of their existence, one can see why. *Beyond the Mountains of the Moon* is a fascinating work of anthropology, and a rather repulsive one. This is not the author's fault. Instead of the usual bloodless reportage unconvincingly tricked out as scientific observation, Dr Winter merely supplies the carefully recorded autobiographies of four members of the tribe, together with a helpful minimum of background information. The result is a most lucid image of Amba life, with overtones that nobody can ignore.

The Amba number about 30 thousand. They are prosperous farmers. They are a patrilineal society and they practise polygamy. A serious disadvantage of polygamy as a system is that there are never enough women to go round. The Amba are very jealous, both men and women, so their main occupation is quarrelling. In these autobiographies, hardly any other activity is mentioned. These quarrels are conducted with great violence, and it is nothing for an ear to be torn off or an eye put out. Occasionally somebody is killed. When violence fails, the Amba turn to litigation, which is their highest social art. There is no iniquity that cannot be smoothed over by the passage of goats or chickens in the direction of the injured party.

There is something pretty nasty about a society whose mainspring is sexual jealousy, but it would not be so bad if the Amba took their pleasures more cheerfully. Dr Winter's chief informant was a man called Mpuga, a considerable sexual athlete who describes dozens of encounters, sometimes with satisfaction, but never with any tenderness. He had 15 wives of his own, but like a true Amba he preferred those of other men. For Mpuga pleasure in sex was often accompanied by violence – not the violence of passion or desperation, but simple bullying: 'I gave her some very good blows.' Amba men think it a fine thing to give a girl a baby as soon as possible after puberty. Consequently, there is much death in childbirth, and a high infant mortality. Among the Amba, as in most of Black Africa, a woman is middle-aged at twenty-five. It is not surprising that the two testimonies from women in this book should be rather low-spirited.

Of course such obscenities happen everywhere in the world. The difference is that the Amba give brutality a special sanction. Mrs Huxley writes so casually of superstition, but it is the single thing that makes Africa hideous. She speaks of laughter and joy, but there are no jokes in Dr Winter's autobiographies. Far from laughing things off, an Amba never attributes his smallest misfortune to anything but the ill-will of another person. He believes he is being bewitched. He may kill or hurt or otherwise injure that person; or he may seek exorcism. Witchcraft is called for in this event, often involving the use of urine or excrement, which are closely connected with sex in the Amba mind. On one occasion portions of a cadaver were put into an enemy's soup. If an Amba wishes to kill a sleeping baby, as they sometimes do, he strikes it in the face with his penis. This is the old loathsome Africa of darkness and fear, the Africa that Livingstone and Conrad saw, the Africa of Benin and Mau Mau. These dreadful traditions are the only ones that millions of Africans know. It is the great dilemma of emergent Africa that she has so little to learn from herself.

PETER DUVAL SMITH

New Novels

The Wayward Wife. By ALBERTO MORAVIA. Translated by ANGUS DAVIDSON. *Secker & Warburg.* 15*s.*

The Catalyst. By G. O. JONES. *Faber.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Barbara Greer. By STEPHEN BIRMINGHAM. *Collins.* 16*s.*

The Bitter Passion. By JOHN W. WADLEIGH. *Davies.* 15*s.*

The Long Night. By JULIAN MAYFIELD. *Joseph.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Wayward Wife is a selection of stories written between 1927, when Moravia was 20, and 1948. Moravia found his themes early; he was competent from the start. 'Crime at the Tennis Club' (1927) is thoroughly professional and already characteristically unpleasant. Some wealthy young men invite an elderly neurotic woman to a party; their aim is to ridicule her; they end by murdering her. The story communicates a certain sadistic excitement, but is without value; it is too selfconsciously disillusioned and cold. The title story (1937) is of *novella* length and novelette quality. A socially ambitious woman, frustrated in her attempt to marry into a noble family, marries a brilliant but unattractive physicist, deceives him, suddenly sees his virtue, suffers a little, confesses and is forgiven. It is hard to see why this potboiler has been resurrected.

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But Moravia is also a considerable comic writer and in this selection there are three stories, 'A Bad Winter' (1940), 'Contact with the Working Class' (1944) and 'The Woman from Mexico' (1948), in the mood of *Roman Tales*. Indeed, 'A Bad Winter' is practically repeated in the story called 'I Don't Say No' from *Roman Tales*. In the first story the frigid woman is flung by her enraged fiancé into a water-tank, catches pneumonia and dies; in the second story the wife who loves to contradict falls overboard during an argument and is mercifully drowned. 'Contact with the Working Class' is a brilliantly funny story; its subject should not be given away; it should certainly be read. There is a touch of the *fabliau* to the Moravia comic story, making us wish that this writer would attempt a longer comic work, forgetting for some time what the blurb calls 'the interplay of personality between man and woman in moments of particular intensity'.

The Catalyst is a well-written first novel, but so restrained and dry that the final impression is one of rambling vagueness: vague story, vague characters, vague settings. (Why is it that English writers, usually so good with foreign scenes, often create an England which resembles nothing more than the sets of a cheap English film?) The narrator, a young science graduate, tells of his marriage and affairs; his dislike of his job and the snobberies of the company he works for; his eventual settling down. An important theme, but it is all so underplayed, the narrator is so determined not to be taken seriously, invention is so meagre and characterisation so sketchy, that the novel remains quite flat.

The last three novels are American, and though one is set in Mexico, one in Harlem and one in New England, they all have something in common: a sickening sentimentality. There is no appeal to simple emotion, as with Dickens; with the American second-rater this is corrupted by a semi-sophisticated, facile psychology, 'understanding', and maudlin philosophising. Two samples:

> But then I thought: God is a crazy potter . . . He was made to create such a thing as love. Because it's love that makes the pottery crack the worst – like home-made clay left out in the sun too long. But then I thought: He also gave love the power to patch up those cracks . . . I offer you my love . . . Barbara . . . Those are only little cracks and perhaps I can help you patch them. . . .
>
> The boy could never understand the thousand little enemies a man carried within himself that had pulled Paul away from home . . . Yet he was imprisoned by the boy's sensitive love and faith. His mind played with a biblical phrase: *Man* created *God* in his own image.

Barbara Greer is set in New England and the people are upper class. Mr Birmingham's characters all have the flashback sickness. (Readers are getting cleverer than you think: they know about 'technique' and like to feel that they are getting it.) Mr Birmingham pays little attention to simpler points – knowing what dialogue to leave out, knowing when an incident should be expanded into a scene or condensed into a paragraph of plain narration – and his novel is exceedingly verbose. His purpose is partly to expose; but like so many American writers, he takes his characters at their own valuation. So that if one does not share the writer's awe at the swimming pool, the ritual of the cocktail hour, the white-coated Negro butler (the poor man is even mentioned in the blurb), and if one sees the people as dreary and unenviable, exposure becomes pointless.

It is said that when Dumas *père* was being paid by the line he invented a comic deaf character whose only purpose was to have things repeated. Mr Wadleigh writes as though he is paid by the line. 'What were you doing there?' 'Nothing.' 'Nothing?' 'Nothing.' 'Ah. Nothing.' 'Yes.' And: 'But you believe?' 'Yes.' 'In God?' 'Yes.' 'Why?' 'Why?' 'Yes. Why?' 'I can't help it.' 'That's strange.' Dialogue like that patterns many pages of *The Bitter Passion*. In a Mexican setting we find two homosexuals, an unsatisfied woman, a god-like Mexican boy, and an American who has an incestuous affection for his beautiful daughter. Tragedy, you can see, is unavoidable. Mr Wadleigh ruins his effects by his delaying tactics. The story is told in sugary prose by a Mexican woman. The device is clumsy; the narrator is often left hanging around idly, waiting to be told things.

The father of the boy-hero of *The Long Night* wanted to be a lawyer. He failed his exams, hit the bottle, abandoned his wife and young son. One evening the mother sent the boy to collect some money for her. The boy was robbed. He had to take some money home. He looked for work; he tried to borrow; he stole, fruitlessly; he was beaten up. Late that night, almost morning, he saw a drunk in a doorway. He was going to pick his pockets when: 'Pop!' 'That you, Fred?'

> Arm in arm they walked through Harlem in the morning. That's the best time of all, morning. . . .

V. S. NAIPAUL

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Report

What the Common Entrant sought to tell us was that what the Common Reader reads is just what the Common Reviewer reviews. Often, indeed, the book itself is bypassed altogether. Or it may be taken in other predigested forms. Thus, R. A. McKenzie's two C.R.s could absorb only what was serialised in a popular daily paper.

> A useful feature, don't you think? It saves
> A chap both time and money. That was where
> I read John Betjeman's *Collected Poems*.
> Just three of them, there were. It puzzled me.
> You'd think he would have written more than that.

Another serious reminder was that most people (C or un-C) remember only what has been news within the past three months. All things considered, it was a very *un*common Reader who did not look on 1959 as the year of the nymphet (see printed entries below). However, whether from seasonal exhaustion or from some form of resistance to the special metamorphosis required, the Common Entry was small, and the judging, accordingly, lenient. A guinea-and-a-half each to Stanley J. Sharpless and to P. W. R. Foot and one guinea to Notez-Bien.

TWO COMMON READERS

'Nothing this year from Amis, Priestley, Wain –'
'At any rate we had another Braine;'
'Also that tatty nymphet called *Lolita*,
(Than whom no mistress could be much *petite-er*);'
'Obscene, immoral, gross, a scabrous plot,
Crapulous, lewd – I liked it quite a lot.'
'How about all those Diaries of the War?'
'Somehow I felt I'd read them all before.'
'*Cider with Rosie* was my cup of tea,
(Mixed drinks indeed?) by poet Laurie Lee;
An autobiographical recapture
Of dewy youth, with true Wordsworthian rapture.'

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National Exhibition of Children's Art Award Leaflet G, Sunday Pictorial, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4
Closing date for entries, 2nd March, 1960.

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'Books? I don't read 'em. Only the reviews.
STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

'Did you read those diaries of Casement?'
'Too dear, old chap – I buy bargain basement –
But I bought *Lolita*.
'Then there's *Triumph in the West* – a bore!
And *1914*, and *Once there was a War*.'
'And *I* bought *Lolita*.'
'Then there was *From the Terrace* – a *Free Fall*.'
'I'm sorry, I haven't seen them at all –
But I bought *Lolita*
'*Eating People is Wrong* – just full of wit.'
'O dear! I haven't even heard of it –
But I bought *Lolita*.
'I never did for they say it sickens,
I much prefer the latest dirt on Dickens.
You liked *Lolita* – spicey book, I bet?'
'Yes, so they say – I haven't read it yet.'
P. W. R. FOOT

C.R.I: Randolph C's opinions –
C.R.II: More about St. Trinian's –
BOTH: Were what they made the readers read in 1959.
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C.R.II: Comic verse and curious –
BOTH: Mean less space on our overloaded bookshelves than before.
C.R.I.: Bryant Monty, Connell,
When we're dead and gon'll
Still argue which American it was that lost the war.
C.R.II: With Kaplan's starred-and-studded fame,
C.R.I: And ships that ripped and died of shame,
BOTH: There's room for memoirs yet to be,
And Eden's views on Randolph C. . . .
NOTEZ-BIEN

City Lights

Steel and Gold

The enthusiasm with which London and New York stock markets have welcomed the end of the long American steel dispute has been noticeably tinged with anxiety. The dispute had been going on for eight months. Production of steel in the United States was stopped by a strike for four months last year until the President, brandishing the Taft-Hartley act, ordered the strikers back to work for a cooling-off period of 80 days; this period would have expired later this month, and the whole American business outlook was coloured by the possibility that the strike would then be resumed. Now, to the jubilation of American businessmen, Mr Nixon's belated efforts at mediation have proved successful: the employers and the union have settled their differences on terms commonly supposed to be very much more generous than the employers were prepared to consider a few months ago.

Business optimism in the United States is now higher than ever, but what has struck first Wall Street and then London like the prick of an uneasy conscience is the thought of the Fed. The Federal Reserve Board has been watching business activity rising, money becoming tighter and interest rates edging their way upwards, but it has been reluctant to raise its official discount rate further while the future of the steel industry remained uncertain. Now the uncertainty has disappeared, at the cost of a settlement which is likely to involve higher steel prices and which the Fed is likely to regard as inflationary. A further rise in the discount rate now seems probable, and the tendency may become still more marked for hot money to be tempted away by high interest rates from a Britain which is still a good deal further from bursting at the seams than most of her competitors.

The gold reserve, ignoring the North American loan payments, fell by another £19m last month, and how far Mr Amory allows it to fall before putting up Bank Rate will provide an admirable test of his strength of character. The gilt-edged market is likely to remain uneasy, and it is fortunate for the Treasury that with its conversion offer for the only two stocks maturing this year – the replacement of two shorts by a 11½-year stock will delight members of the Radcliffe Committee only mildly – it is free from one technical worry for a little time to come. Equity investors, however, unreasonably confirmed in their optimism by recent experience, are now beginning to wonder how much longer the spree can last.

* * *

Firth Cleveland, the family-controlled industrial group which recently became the largest chain of radio and TV retailers in the world by acquiring Broadmead, is now to acquire a controlling interest in Solartron, a well-known manufacturer of electronic instruments: the approach came from the directors of Solartron, who considered it the best means of raising the large and growing amounts of capital needed for research and expansion. This is one of the main reasons – surtax and

The MEMOIRS of
Sir Anthony EDEN
covering
the momentous years
1951 to 1957
are being serialized DAILY in
THE TIMES
Starting MONDAY JANUARY 11

estate duty are probably the others – for the recent growth of the industrial holding company, a publicly-quoted company which acquires private firms and exercises a general control over a group of assorted and independently-managed businesses. In some cases, particularly where the holding company acquires competent management together with its businesses, the idea has worked extremely well, in others it has proved disastrously unsuccessful; until a new holding company has built itself a profit record the ordinary investor has little firm to go on.

★ ★ ★

Communist governments have little interest in understanding the ways of the capitalist West. A few months ago the Czech government, having paid on the nail for years, suddenly defaulted on an international loan: a representative of the London bank which acts as agent for the loan went to Prague to make inquiries and was able to see nobody, let alone get an explanation. Since then the Czechs have defaulted on a second loan and on a debenture of the Skoda firm, and still no explanation has been forthcoming; the amounts involved are small, and the defaults are more likely to have been due to bureaucratic muddle or to some tortuous policy decision than to a simple shortage of foreign exchange. They seemed all the odder, however, because Anglo-Czech trade talks are due to take place soon. Now the Third Secretary of the Czech Embassy has written to the press to explain that since nearly double the amount of the original loans has now been paid in interest and capital it is 'not quite right and just to claim further payments' – though the Czech government is willing to discuss the point. Why the Czechs defaulted in so extraordinarily abrupt a fashion, remains a mystery.

Company News

The main company news comes from the chairmen of the big steel companies. *Dorman Long* has completed its development programme for the time being and capital expenditure is likely to drop sharply. Profits rose last year in spite of lower sales, and this year – demand for the company's steel products did not revive until the last couple of months of its financial year – they should rise nearly enough to justify the price of the shares. The *Steel Company of Wales* produced 2.32m tons of steel last year and its production rate should be up to three million tons by the end of this: if the Iron and Steel Board is willing to approve the further expansion scheme on which the chairman is so keen output should be up to 3.65m tons by the end of next year. The prospect is said to be 'very good', and, despite the need to repay short-term debt and possibly to finance the new expansion plan, the market will expect an increased dividend. The chairman of *South Durham Steel and Iron* is equally confident about the future; but he warns shareholders – and the warning is welcome, since Mr Talbot has spoken up for higher dividends in the past – that they must not expect too much and that the Iron and Steel Board, if it sees too much profit being distributed, may well decide that steel prices are too high.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

530. Calling all Composers

Our new competition seems to be heading for a record already, long before the close; entries are coming in from all over the world. But since a good many correspondents seem to have missed the detailed announcement in No. 500 I might as well repeat the main points. The competition is for *studies* only (no problems please!), and anyone anywhere can submit any number of entries, provided they haven't been previously published. (And do please send them in duplicate.) The closing date is 29 February, and to the editor's prize-fund of 15 gns. I have added 5 gns. of my own for the benefit of British and Commonwealth competitors (which does not, of course, exclude them from their chances for one of the main prizes rather than one of my consolation prizes). André Chéron and Harald Lommer have, once again, kindly consented to act as Hon. Judges, and as far as humanly possible the painstaking care of such eminent experts should rule out the danger of cooks. Even so, our own valiant cook-hunters have collected their trophies from some of the world's most celebrated composers, they are as vigilant as they ought to be and, for ever, on the prowl. Foremost among them, C. Sandberg has now added two prominent scalps to his collection. Here's the Bondarenko set last October 10. /8/2P5/5p2/1P1p1K2/3p4/3P4/6b1 4ktk1kt/. Readers will remember the author's pretty perpetual by (1) P-Kt6, B-R6 ch; (2) K-B4, B-B1; (3) P-Kt7, B x P; (4) P = Q, and the perpetual Kt-checks to follow. But Sandberg has found a win for Black by (2)... Kt x P ch, followed by ... Kt-B4. There is also a mate by (2)... K-B7 followed by... Kt-Kt7. Now here's the Kusnetzov and Zacharov set on September 12 last. /8/7b/4KB2/6PP/8/kt3P3/p7/4b2k/. In the author's solution the draw is very neatly achieved by (1) P-Kt6, B-Kt1 ch; (2) K-B5, Kt-B5; (3) P-R6, Kt x P ch; (4) K-Kt5, Kt-Q4; (5) P-R7, B-R5 ch; (6) K x B, Kt x B; (7) P-R8(Q), P = Q; (8) K-Kt5 ch, Kt-R2 ch; (9) K-R6, Q x Q; (10) P-Kt7. But in Sandberg's very thorough analysis (2)... B-R5! gives Black a win in every variation.

Finally (and just to show the practical value of endgame studies) here's an amusing comedy of errors I found in *Schach.* /8/2k2p2/4pPp1/3pP1P1/3K4/24/. White played (1) K-B5 and naively offered a draw which, of course, was scornfully rejected. ... K-Kt2; (2) K-Kt5, K-B2? (K-R2!); (3) K-B5, K-Q2; (4) K-Kt5, P-Q5; (5) K-B4, P-Q6?; (6) K x P, K-B3; (7) K-B4, K-Kt3; (8) K-Kt4. Here White again offered a draw, and this time he was perfectly justified, but Black seemed intent on suicide. ... K-B2?; (9) K-B5, K-B1; (10) K-B6, K-Q1; (11) K-Q6, K-K1; (12) K-B7!, K-B1; (13) K-Q7, K-Kt1; (14) K-K7, K-R2; (15) K x P, resigns. Black could, of course, have won quite easily by (1)... P-Q5!!; (2) K x P, K-Kt3!; (3) K-B4, K-B6; (4) K-Q4, K-Kt4! etc. But not, of course, (2)... K-B3? which would give White the opposition and draw.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White forced the draw in a way adopted in many a study. For 6 and 7 points **B** and **C** are both wins. Usual prizes. Entries by 18 January.

A: Gottschall 1882: /8/p5pk/6q1/p6p/P6P/8/1KQ5/8/:

B: J. Moravec: /7K/6p1/8/7p/16/R7/6k1/.

C: Hyna: /3R4/1p6/8/5p2/8/1p2K3/1Kt4kp/8/.

REPORT on No. 527. Set 19 December

A: *Key:* R-K4.

B: (1) K-R3; (2) K-R4; (3) K-R5; (4) K-R6; (5) K-R7; (6) K-R8; (7) R-Kt8; (8) B-K5; (9) B-Kt7; (10) Q-R7. Black Kt mates at B2.

C: (1) R-R8, K-R1 (best); (2) R-R4; (3) R-KR4; (4) R-KKt4; (5) R-KB4; (6) R-K4; (7) R-K7; (8) R-KR7; (9) R-KR8 mate.

D: (1) K-B8, P-B4; (2) Q-Q8!, P-B3, (3) Q x B!!, etc.

E: (1) Kt-K3 ch, K-Kt6; (2) Q-Kt4 ch, K-B7; (3) Q-KB4 ch, K-K7; (4) Q-KB1 ch!, K-Q7; (5) Q-Q1 ch, K-B6; (6) Q-B2 ch, K-Kt5; (7) Q-Kt2 ch, Kt-Kt6; (8) Q-R3 ch!! and mates or wins the Q.

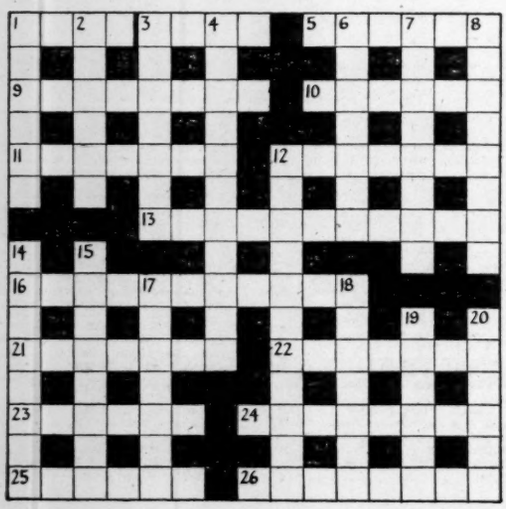
F: (1) R-B1, B-Kt8; (2) R-QB1!, P = Q; (3) R-B3 ch, K-Kt5; (4) R-B4 ch!, K-Kt4; (5) R-B5 ch, K-R3; (6) B-B3, K-Kt3; (7) R-QR5, B-R7; (8) B-Q4 ch!, K-Kt2; (9) R-QKt5 ch, K-B1; (10) R-B5 ch, K-Q1; (11) R-QKt5, K-K1; (12) R-Kt8 ch, K-B2; (13) R-Kt7 ch, K-Kt3; (14) R-Kt7 ch, K-B4; (15) R-Kt1!!, B-Kt8; (16) R-B1 ch, K-Kt3; (17) R-Kt1 ch, K-B2; (18) R-Kt7 ch, K-B1; (19) R-QR7!, B-R7; (20) R-R8 ch, etc.

Alternatives for **B** admitted. Many bouquets for **F**. Prizes C. Allen, E. A. Barclay-Smith, J. W. Ecclson, M. P. Furmston, J. R. Harman.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 387

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 387, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 20 Jan



ACROSS

1. Try the railway: the chemists use it (4, 4).
5. Call of the dons back West (6).
9. Watson's was 'never very absorbing' (8).
10. The establishment to provide one with a joyful day in the lake (6).
11. Ordinal with a central occurrence (7).
12. Put me in the mixed choir of a poet (7).
13. Studies a good deserter or plotter (11).
16. Feathered game (11).
21. Machines which may be seen without a trap (7).
22. I appear in the list as a reveller (7).
23. Public opinion expert has a gossip about everything (6).
24. Works of art which make the rest hot in the grammar school (8).
25. Common character of Dickens and Mark Twain (6).
26. Son of Man perhaps, but I talk maliciously (8).

DOWN

1. One whose writing is touching (6).
2. Go hungry as the opposite of a queen in food (6).
3. Giant I beat in less than a moment (7).
4. Bribes in a game of cards among the betting men (11).
6. Lie for teacher (7).
7. Curse the box below the river (8).
8. Beauty treatment — and ruin came in disguise (8).
12. The doctor discovers an animal with traces not easily distinguishable (11).
14. Presages having developed into a service (8).
15. House which puts the stopper on a depression (8).
17. Shaving is without doubt after the fashion (7).
18. I shrank turning into a god (7).
19. Attacked in the nest one dares to fight back (6).
20. The tennis player sounds like a talker (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 385

T	O	N	I	C	■	F	A	T	A	L	I	S	T	S
I	■	E	■	R	■	R	■	O	■	A	■	H	■	H
M	I	G	R	A	T	I	N	G	■	R	E	A	D	E
E	■	R	■	N	■	E	■	S	■	G	■	C	■	E
S	H	O	C	K	I	N	G	■	B	E	C	K	E	T
A	■	■	■	O	■	D	■	B	■	S	■	L	■	■
V	E	D	A	■	A	L	P	E	N	S	T	O	C	K
E	■	R	■	R	■	E	■	G	■	E	■	C	■	E
R	E	A	D	E	R	S	H	I	P	■	O	K	A	Y
■	■	G	■	D	■	S	■	N	■	S	■	■	■	B
S	P	O	N	G	E	■	I	N	N	U	E	N	D	O
L	■	N	■	R	■	E	■	I	■	B	■	A	■	A
O	M	E	G	A	■	W	A	N	A	M	A	K	E	R
T	■	T	■	V	■	E	■	G	■	I	■	E	■	D
H	O	S	T	E	S	S	E	S	■	T	I	D	E	S

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 385

Sir Cecil Griffin (Sunbury)
Mrs M. L. Clifford (Wembley)
Sqn Ldr A C F. Chambre (Kenton)

PERSONAL

YOUNG mother seeks another with child 18 months or over to share her comfortable Wimbledon home. Rent £2 per week. Box 1325.

YOUNG rationalist suffocating in W. England sks kindred spirits. Box 1311.

'AU Pair' girl reqd Northwood, Mdx area. Ample spare time. gd terms. Box 1382.

WRITER seeks country cottage one week end of January. Box 1376.

NW11. Couple or two friends are offered furn. accom. in beautifully situated house, in return nominal rent & light services. Scope for secretarial and driving services in addition by arangement. Box 1377.

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BRITISH gent. living Ostend (fluent French) will undertake job/mission entailing travel GB/Europe. Offers Box 1343.

GENTLEMAN seeks companions car trip Alps, etc January. Box 1344.

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HOLLAND. Dutch teacher of Engl. and wife invite p.-guests from Apr. to Sept. in their home in bulb-area nr sea, daily seeing Holland by own car. Also willing to rent their house some weeks. R. Hinloopen, Delftlaan 339, Haarlem.

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40-60's. Wanted start/join group. People with varied interests, broad views & understanding. Exch. hosp. offd. SW/W/ reasonably near. Box 1439.

WANTED cylinder type vacuum cleaner under £5. London area. Box 1479.

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PERSONAL—continued

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LECTURE CRSES etc—cont. from p. 56

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF THE WEST INDIES

Applications are invited for the following posts in the Department of Economics: (A) PROFESSOR OF PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION; (B) SENIOR LECTURER OR LECTURER IN PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION; (C) LECTURER IN POLITICAL THOUGHT.

Salary scales: Professor—£2,500 p.a.; Senior Lecturer—£1,500 x 75-£2,250 p.a.; Lecturer—£1,150 x 50-£1,450 x 75-£1,900 p.a. Point of entry to be determined by qualifications and experience. Child allowance. FSSU. Unfurnished accommodation at 5% of basic salary. Passages for up to 5 persons on appointment, normal termination and study leave (once every three years).

The Professor of Public Administration will be concerned with teaching and research in the Department, the planning and direction of postgraduate and short-term courses in Public and Business Administration. The duties of the Senior Lecturer or Lecturer will principally be to direct the short-term civil service courses under the Professor. The person appointed will be concerned also with teaching for the BSc. (Econ.) and post-graduate Diploma in Public and Business Administration. Both these appointments to be assumed by 1 May 1960 if possible. The Lecturer in Political Thought will be concerned with teaching for the BA (General), BSc. (Econ.) and for the Post-graduate and short-term courses in Public and Business Administration. Duties to be assumed by 1 September, 1960.

Detailed applications (6 copies) naming 3 referees by 13 February, 1960 to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, WC1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

FAMILY WELFARE ASSOCIATION (London)

GENERAL SECRETARY
(Chief Executive Officer)

Enquiries and applications are invited for the above post. In addition to regular administrative duties the officer will have the opportunity to assist in planning and carrying through a reorganisation of the Association, already begun, in keeping with progressive practices.

Experience in administration and knowledge of the welfare field, together with vigorous imaginative leadership, is desirable. Salary not less than £1,500 p.a. Enquiries should be addressed to: THE CHAIRMAN, Family Welfare Association, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1, and marked Confidential.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF EAST HAM EDUCATIONAL PSYCHOLOGIST

required:

Candidates should (i) hold a degree in Psychology or its equivalent, (ii) have pursued a post-graduate training course in Educational Psychology and (iii) have had teaching experience.

Salary in accordance with Scale I for Educational Psychologists (Soulbury Award).

Application forms (returnable 22 January, 1960) and further particulars from Chief Education Officer, Education Office, Town Hall Annexe, Barking Road, East Ham, London, E6.

CITY OF BIRMINGHAM CHILDREN'S COMMITTEE

Experienced Child Care Officer (male or female) required. Salary scale APT II (£765-£880). Applicants should possess the Home Office Child Care Officer's Certificate, or should have had at least two years' experience of this work and be in possession of a Social Science Degree or Diploma.

Further details obtainable from Children's Officer, 91 Lionel Street, Birmingham, 3.

Closing date for applications 22 January, 1960.

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NATIONAL FEDERATION OF YOUNG FARMERS' CLUBS

ADVISORY OFFICER — Applications are invited for the post of Advisory Officer, man or woman. This is the last of 4 posts to be filled in England and Wales as part of a reorganisation scheme intended to strengthen the movement and to help County Federation and Club Officers develop the range and quality of YFC work. The Advisory Officer will be responsible for giving advice and assistance with training programmes in Southern England. The requirements for this post, in addition to personal qualities which matter most, include comprehensive experience in youth work and knowledge and appreciation of country life. Consideration may also be given to applicants of more limited experience who would be prepared to undergo a period of specialised training for this important and exacting work. Salary scale £1,070 x £27 10s.—£1,290; post superannuable. Travel and subsistence allowances. Own car essential. Provision for secretarial assistance. Further details may be obtained from General Secretary, NFYFC, 55 Gower St, WC1.

NAPSBURY HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for the post of SENIOR PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKER which becomes vacant in March, 1960. The person appointed will be responsible for a Department with an establishment of three other Psychiatric Social Workers and must have had considerable experience in the Mental Health field.

Whitley Council Salary scales and conditions of service. Possession of a car or ability to drive desirable. Napsbury Hospital, containing some 2,050 mental beds, is situated in pleasant surroundings and is within 20 miles of London. Good offices and secretarial assistance provided. Housing accommodation available.

For further details and form of application write to Group Secretary, Napsbury Hospital, Nr St Albans, Herts, to whom applications should be returned by 30 January, 1960.

DERBYSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL
Child Guidance Service

Applications are invited from QUALIFIED PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKERS for appointments in the above Service. (Other staff include a Consultant Children's Psychiatrist, a (non-medical) Psychotherapist and Educational Psychologists who work in this Service as well as the Schools Psychological Service. Secretarial assistance is provided. Diagnostic and treatment sessions are held at various Clinics and close co-operation exists with two County Council Hostels for maladjusted children, which facilitates continuity of treatment).

Salary and service conditions are according to Whitley Council recommendations. (Two Saturday mornings off duty a month). Superannuation. Car allowance; assisted car purchase scheme. (Canvassing disqualifies.)

Particulars and application forms obtainable from Dr J. B. S. Morgan, County Medical Officer, County Offices, Matlock.

UNIVERSITY of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. Senior Lecturer or Lecturer in Education. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. Salary ranges—Senior Lecturer: £1,315 x £50-£1,615; Lecturer: £1,025 x £50-£1,275 per annum. Further particulars are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1, or from the Registrar of the University. Applications close in New Zealand and London on 29 February 1960.

VOLUNTARY SOCIETY

ADMINISTRATION

Applications are invited for a new post as Senior Administrative Officer of the National Association of Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies (Inc.). The person appointed will be responsible to the General Secretary for finance and general office administration. Salary in the range £915-£1,085. Contributory pension scheme. Further particulars and application forms (returnable by 25 January) from NADPAS, 66 Eccleston Square, London, SW1.

PRISON WELFARE SERVICE
Repeat Advertisement

A trained and experienced social worker (male) is immediately required at HM Prisons, Bristol and Durham.
Salary on Probation Service scale £745 (at 29 yrs) to £910.
Details and applications forms from General Secretary,
NADPAS.
66 Eccleston Square.
London, SW1.
Closing date 31 January, 1960.
Similar appointments pending at Birmingham, Lancaster, Manchester and Stafford.

LONDON PROBATION SERVICE

Applications invited from men over age 28 for appointment as probation officers in Metropolitan Magistrates' Courts area. Social work or other relevant experience essential; social science or other univ. qualification an advantage. Salary £745 a year at age 28, £775 at age 29 or over, rising by annual increments to £940. Training given during the first year of service. Further particulars and application form from Probation Division (Room 703), Home Office, 271/277, High Holborn, WC1. Last day for applications 30 January, 1960.

BBC requires Production Assistant, Television Outside Broadcasts in Manchester. Production Assistants contribute to the content, treatment and production of Outside Broadcasts and are responsible for liaison with Servicing Departments and co-ordination of production teams. They assist Producers in programme administration, rehearsal and selection and direction of film sequences, often act as Producer's representative on location and take charge of stage management. This particular post calls for positive interest in Sport and Current Events, developed visual imagination and ability to translate programme ideas into practical television. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1428 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureship/Senior Lectureship in Mechanical Engineering. Applications are invited for the above position. The salary for a Senior Lecturer is within the range £A2,200-£80-£2,600 per annum; for a Lecturer within the range £A1,500-£90-£2,100 per annum. In each case cost of living adjustment will be allowed. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 2 February 1960.

COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA

DEPARTMENT OF SUPPLY

HUMAN ENGINEERING

Applications are invited for the following temporary position at the Aeronautical Research Laboratories, near Melbourne:—
POSITION: Senior Psychologist.
SALARY: £A1,880/2,045 per annum.
DUTIES: Research in human engineering with particular reference to the design and conduct of experiments in human perceptual and control problems.
QUALIFICATIONS: Science or Arts degree of high standard, with major in psychology, or equivalent qualifications. Considerable research experience in human engineering, including experience in the design and conduct of psychophysical experiments. Some aeronautical experience would be an advantage.
CONDITIONS: Under specified conditions, first class sea/air fares to Australia for selected applicant and dependants (wife and dependent children) will be paid by the Commonwealth. Salary payable from date of embarkation. After a period of three (3) years, the successful candidate will be eligible to apply to contribute to the Commonwealth Superannuation Fund.
As an alternative to the above employment conditions, the successful applicant may choose to enter into an agreement for a three (3) to five (5) years contract of employment in Australia. In this case the Commonwealth will bear return fares, together with the cost of removing each way the appointee's furniture and effects up to a maximum cost of £A500, £A250 each way.
APPLICATIONS: Forms obtainable from Senior Representative (AV.43/7), Department of Supply Australia House, Strand, London, WC2, with whom applications should be lodged by 25 January, 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Hong Kong. Directorship of Extra-Mural Studies. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post. The incumbent will be ex officio a member of the Senate. Applicants should have a British University degree and experience in extra-mural tutoring and organization. The annual salary (superannuable) will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the selected candidate: either (a) £3,250 for a man or £2,450 for a woman, together with a superannuable expatriation allowance of £350 a year if applicable; or (b) £2,000 x £75-£2,300 for a man or £1,500 x £60-£1,740 for a woman, together with a superannuable expatriation allowance of £250 a year if applicable. The equivalent of income tax in the Colony is comparatively low. First class passages are provided for expatriate staff and their families on first appointment and leaves. A furnished flat or house is provided at a reasonable rental. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Hong Kong and London, 15 February 1960.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Lecturer in Mathematics. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post. The salary will be £1,025 per annum rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,275 per annum. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. (University salaries are at present under review). Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 31 January, 1960.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Lecturer in Political Science. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for the above-mentioned post. The salary will be £1,025 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,275 per annum. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. (University salaries are at present under review). Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 29 February, 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Tasmania. Lectureship in History. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post, from candidates with interests in the fields of European, Australian or Pacific History. The salary scales for Lecturers are: Gr. II £A1,450 x 60-£A1,630; Gr. I £A1,630 x 60-£A2,050. Appointment will be offered within either of these grades according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 29 February 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Durham, King's College, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1. The Council of King's College invite applications for a Lectureship in Applied Social Studies. The Lecturer will be required to act as Tutor for a new course commencing in October, 1960, leading to the King's College Certificate in Applied Social Studies. The course is intended to prepare students who already hold a degree or certificate in Social Studies for posts in any branch of Social Casework. Applicants, who should be graduates in Social Studies or in a related field, must have had recognised professional training and experience, preferably in the fields of medical or psychiatric social work. They should be prepared to take up duty not later than 1 June, 1960. Experience in the supervision of students is essential and experience in research is desirable. The commencing salary will be determined at an appropriate point within the range £900-£1,350 per annum with FSSU contributions and family allowance. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar of King's College, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1, to whom applications (twelve copies), which should include the names of three referees, should be addressed so as to reach him not later than 15 Feb 1960.

HAMPSHIRE Council of Social Service. Assistant Secretary: Salary £650 x £25 to £750, plus travelling expenses and subsistence allowance; contributory superannuation scheme. Applications are invited from men, preferably not over 35 years of age, willing to undertake frequent evening duties. Candidates should submit, before 27 January, full particulars of qualifications, previous experience and references, to The General Secretary, Hampshire Council of Social Service, 78, High Street, Winchester (from whom the Annual Report, which explains the work of the Council, may be obtained).

FAMILY Planning Association offer paid part-time positions for two Area Organisers, one to cover Surrey, part of Middlesex and South Bucks., the other to cover Sussex and Kent. Challenging work for married women with Committee and organising experience, interested in social services. Owner-driver an advantage, able to undertake evening work. Conditions and application form from General Secretary, FPA, 64 Sloane Street, SW1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Assistant Supervisor of Children's Homes. Applications invited from suitably qualified women for post of Assistant Supervisor of Children's Homes. APTD I (£610 x £30-£765). Duties include case work with children in homes, and preference will be given to candidates with a university qualification in Child Care or Social Science. Experience of residential work with children an advantage. Particulars and application forms from Children's Officer, Holly House, 220 London Road, Chelmsford. Canvassing disqualifies.

LONDON County Council. Education Officer's Department. Applications are invited from trained or experienced Social Workers (men or women) for appointment as Assistant Organisers of Children's Care Work in the Education Officer's Department. The successful candidates will have to train and advise voluntary Care Committee workers in a wide range of preventive case-work for school children and their families, which will include enabling parents to use all the social services available and assisting them in problems arising from primary poverty and difficult family relationships. Organisers are expected to direct, co-ordinate and participate in case-work of varying depths. Salary £625-£830. Commencing rate according to experience and qualifications. Exceptionally, part-time engagements may be considered. Application forms, with details, obtainable from Education Officer (Estab. 2/G), County Hall, SE1, returnable by 30 January, 1960. (2787)

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Child Care Officer. Applications are invited from women for appointment as Child Care Officer, salary scale £765-£880 (APTD II). Candidates should have the Home Office Certificate in Child Care, or a university qualification in Social Science with experience in the Child Care field. Applications giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, with names and addresses of two referees, should be sent not later than 23 January, 1960, to the Children's Officer, Holly House, 220 London Road, Chelmsford. Canvassing disqualifies.

CITY of Birmingham. Social Worker in Mental Health. Applications are invited for a post as After-Care Visitor (man or woman) to visit in their homes children and young people unsuitable for education at school and former pupils of the Authority's special schools for educationally subnormal children. The post is on the staff of the Chief Education Officer and involves close co-operation with the Mental Health Branch of the Public Health Department. Candidates should possess a relevant degree and/or University Diploma. Salary £630 x £30 and £35-£785. Appointment is subject to medical examination and to the Local Government Superannuation Act. Closing date 22 January, 1960. Application forms from: E. L. Russell, Chief Education Officer, (Special Services Branch), Margaret Street, Birmingham, 3.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Appointment of Administrative Assistant. Applications are invited for the Appointment of Administrative Assistant on the established staff of the Children's Department. The officer appointed will be required to assist with the general administration of residential establishments, staff matters, accounts and other duties. Previous experience with a Local Authority or business undertaking an advantage. Salary in accordance with NJC Grade APTD I (£610-£765 per annum). Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

FOUNTAIN and Carshalton Group Hospital Management Committee. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for the post of Assistant Supervisor in the School Department of this hospital for severely sub-normal children. The post is non-resident and offers interest and a variety of experience. Salary scale £450 to £565 plus London weighting up to £30 p.a. Applications giving full details of age, qualifications, experience and names of two referees to the Secretary, Fountain Hospital, Tooting Grove, London, SW17.

THE Council of Industrial Design requires a secretary for the Education Officer. Age 18-30. Good general education. 100/40 w.p.m. shorthand typing. Salary according to age: £6 15s. at 18; £7 19s. at 20; £9 5s. at 23; rising to £14 2s. Opportunity for proficiency allowances. 3½ weeks holiday. Pension scheme. Apply giving details of age, education and posts held, with dates, to the Establishment Officer (T/72), 28 Haymarket, SW1.

THE Wine Society Dining Club requires a part-time assistant secretary in London to help with organisation of its functions and correspondence with members. Shorthand and typing essential. Telephone, which would be largely paid for, required. Position would probably suit housewife with not-too-young family, as nearly all work can be done at home in own time. No week-end work. Salary according to experience. Apply, stating experience, to the Honorary Secretary, WSDC, Box 1421

J. B. PRIESTLEY and Mrs Priestley (Jacquetta Hawkes) require fulltime secretary at Alveston, Stratford-on-Avon. Good shorthand-typing, ability to do simple accounts, and fair standard of education, are essential. Varied interesting work in pleasant surroundings. (Lunch provided but, at present, not accommodation though possibility of cottage.) Applications, with details of experience, etc., to Kissing Tree House, Alveston, as above.

WEST Park Hospital, Epsom, Surrey. Applications are invited for one post of Senior Psychiatric Social Worker and two posts of Psychiatric Social Worker in an expanding department. The establishment has been increased from two to four Psychiatric Social Workers, one being in the senior grade. The hospital accommodates more than 2,000 patients from Lambeth, Mitcham and Wandsworth. Out-patient clinics are held at Lambeth Hospital, St John's Hospital, Battersea, and the Wilson Hospital, Mitcham. In addition the Consultant Psychiatrists are engaged in a growing domiciliary service. The hospital has embarked on a forward-looking scheme of rehabilitation and it is hoped that eventually it will be recommended as a hospital for training Psychiatric Social Workers. The appropriate allowances will be paid to successful candidates using their own cars or alternatively consideration will be given to supplying a car for official visits. The salaries and conditions of service are subject to Whitley Council agreements, and the appointment is subject to the NHS (Superannuation) Regulations including medical examination. The hospital may be visited at any time by appointment with the Group Secretary, who will be glad to provide any further information.

THE United Liverpool Hospitals. Applications are invited for the post of Clinical Psychologist. Candidates must have an honours degree in psychology of a University in the British Isles or a qualification approved by the Minister of Health. The appointment will be to The United Liverpool Hospitals which comprises the undergraduate medical teaching hospitals associated with the University of Liverpool but the duties will be mainly concerned with the Department of Psychological Medicine at the Royal Liverpool Children's Hospital and will include in-patient work in the hospital's two branches, in Liverpool and at Heswall. Candidates who are under twenty-five years of age or who are not qualified by experience to take up an independent post will be under the supervision of a Clinical Psychologist (Top Grade) who will have charge of the Board's psychological services. The salary scales are as follows: for probationers and those under 25 years of age: £580 x £25 (4)-£680 per annum (the starting salary varies according to experience); for those over 25 years of age qualified to work without supervision: £735 per annum at 25 years of age rising by annual increments of £35 to £910 per annum at 30 and thereafter by similar increments to a maximum of £1,050 per annum. Persons over 30 years of age will enter the scale at £910 per annum. The post is superannuable and Whitley Council conditions of service apply. Further details will be provided on request. Applications giving details of age, qualifications and experience and the names of three persons to whom reference may be made should reach the Secretary, 80 Rodney Street, Liverpool 1, by 1 February, 1960.

WARLEY Hospital, Brentwood, Essex. Applications are invited for the additional post of Psychiatric Social Worker, or, if necessary, Social Worker, with suitable qualifications and experience. Salary on Whitley Council scale. Applications to be addressed to the Physician Superintendent.

INVALID Children's Aid Association require Caseworker preferably with professional qualification to work in SE London. The post offers opportunity for intensive case work, attendance at weekly Case Conferences and the training in practical work of University Students. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Applications to: General Secretary, ICAA, 4 Palace Gate, London, W8, by 25 January.

SOCIAL worker, with knowledge of family case work, required as Secretary to the Dagenham Personal Service Council. Salary according to experience—minimum £450 per annum. 5 day week. Membership of Social Workers' Pension Fund available. Applications to be received, within 10 days of the issue of this advertisement, by the Chairman, 358 Heathway, Dagenham, Essex.

THE Civil Service Union invites applications for the post of Deputy General Secretary on a salary of £1,325 per annum (at present under review). The post is full time and superannuation is provided by means of a contributory scheme. Applicants will be required to undergo a medical examination. Applications for the post should include particulars of age, sex, educational qualifications, present and previous employment, details of experience of Civil Service conditions and negotiations, general Trade Union and administrative experience. Applications from persons outside the Civil Service Trade Union Movement will be considered. Applications must be received not later than 30 January, 1960, and must be addressed to The General Secretary, CSU, 17-21 Hatton Wall, London, EC1.

MANCHESTER University Settlement. Applications are invited for the post of Warden. The Warden will be in charge of all the work of the Settlement and will be provided with a self-contained flat and full board, together with a salary of at least £600. Further particulars and application form from Dr J. N. Hartshorne, Dept of Botany, The University, Manchester, 13.

PADDINGTON Group Hospital Management Committee, Harrow Road, W.9. Medical Secretaries and Shorthand/Typists required for General Hospitals and Psychiatric Clinics in the West End district of London. Salary according to age and experience, rising to £630 per annum plus £30 per annum London weighting. Apply to Secretary, (CUNningham 4884, Ext. 371) or in writing.

WARDEN required Jewish Faith mixed youth club, Brighton. Experience of youth work preferable. Accommodation available if required. Box 1374.

THE Holiday Fellowship have vacancies in their Youth Camps and Youth Guest Houses as follows: Kessingland, Nr Lowestoft —Married couple as Warden and Assistant. Permanent appointment. Langdale, Lakeland: Either married couple as Warden and Cook; or single man as Warden and lady as Cook. Seasonal, March to September. Snowdon—same vacancies as Langdale above. Malhamdale, Nr Skipton and Newlands, Nr Keswick —Cooks, March to September. Also other seasonal vacancies for domestic helpers. Write giving brief details in first instance to: Youth Camps Manager, The Holiday Fellowship, 142 Great North Way, NW4.

SOCIOLOGIST with some (elementary) statistical experience, recently graduated, required by Population Investigation Committee, to assist for one year with the coding and analysis of a national questionnaire study of marriage patterns and family growth. Salary according to academic degree and experience within the range £450-£700 per annum. Please send details of qualifications and experience to Box 1451.

BOOK Publishing. Dent's have a vacancy in their Publicity Department. The job offers opportunities for a man or woman, probably between 25 and 35, with some publisher's advertising experience. The work is primarily one of advertising layout and copywriting. Salary and prospects will be good. Please apply, stating qualifications, to Mr Patrick Davis, J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd, 10-13 Bedford Street, London, WC2.

NEWS Editor required for 'Nuclear Power'. This difficult but very interesting job calls for an experienced industrial journalist capable of getting to know the world atomic energy industry intimately and detecting shifts in plans and policies long before the handout stage. No technical qualifications necessary: essentials are an interest in industry and ability to produce good interpretive copy. The man selected will also be required to act as chief sub on the magazine. Very good salary. Apply in writing to: The Editor, 'Nuclear Power', 3 Percy Street, London, W1.

ST JULIANS, a 7 years established community near Sevenoaks, requires from January, enthusiastic person experienced with young children. Some knowledge of cooking essential. Interesting, non-domestic work with excellent terms and conditions for right applicant. Box 1300.

WEA London District requires Organiser to develop adult education, particularly among Trade Unions and other workers' organisations. Salary £600 x £25 to £800. Application forms from S. Church, Secretary, 28 Woburn Square, WC1.

SINGLE young man required in a Milk Processing Project in East Pakistan within reach of Calcutta. This post offers considerable scope for pioneering spirit & initiative. Special preference will be given to those willing to accept considerable challenge to work in an under-developed country. Experience is not essential. Preliminary training can be arranged in UK. Box 1346.

LONDON Book Publishers invite applications from young men (25-35) with thorough knowledge of book production, for a job offering unusually wide scope for handling illustrated books on Art and Architecture through all their stages. Write with details of age, experience and salary required to Box 1503.

TEMPORARY assistant required immediately, four mornings a week for nursery play group (3-5 yr-olds) in W1 area. Apply Miss Sanders, Tavistock Institute, 2 Beaumont Street, W1.

TRADE Union requires Secretary to a National Officer. Five-day 35-hour week, superannuation scheme, salary £10 15s. Apply stating age, experience, speeds, etc. to Staff Manager, 308 Grays Inn Road, WC1.

CHEMISTRY. Grad. woman tutor required Feb. Part- or full-time work. Box 1319.

SECRETARY reqd for busy, industrial photographer's studio in Highgate. Varied, intg work requiring initiative & intelligence. Tel. for appointment MOU. 4665.

FOR a job 'As You Like It' a call on Winifred Johnson at her Bureau is certainly not 'Much Ado About Nothing'. 114 Holborn (next Gamages). HOL. 0390.

S/T. 19-21 with initiative for West End Publisher. Sal. to 10 gns. Portman Bureau, 78 George St. W1. HUN. 0676.

PART-time Book-keeper. PAYE, typing useful, required for small West End office. Good salary. Box 1483.

ARE there any good cooks in England? One wanted to keep house for bachelor in Australia. Free sponsored passage. £7 per week, live in. Box 1136.

PUBLISHER requires assistant with secretarial experience. Small office, all-round duties. Box 1357.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

CLASSICS Grad. 30, Oxford, mainly musical & also lit. backgrnd, intd science, wants job London, starting April. Box 1296.

STUD. (f.) with personality, flair for organising & fluent French, sks intg post till Sept. Anything considered. Box 1304.

WOMAN 22. Art trained, preparing for BA, sks work 3/4 days wk. Box 1358.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

GRAD. Canadian metallurgist, B.Sc. (23), exp. in industry, 1 yr Cont., travel, widely read, reading knowledge Ger. & Fr., sks int. full- or part-time work. Box 1335.

FRENCH girl, 20, recently completed studies, almost fluent English, seeks position London. Box 1419.

COOK-hsekpr-sec., cap., exp., sks wk, Univ./cntry town pref. Box 1375.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

EAST Putney flat, 2 bed-sits, kit. £4 10s. (light, linen inc.). VAN. 4938.

WEST Hampstead. £2 2s. Single divan-room, cooking facilities. Close buss & tube. Colonial students wel. CUN. 0462.

S. HAMPSTEAD. Furn. s/c. flat, newly conv. 2 bedrms, 1 dble, lge lounge-dining rm, kit., bath., frig., mod. fittings, priv. tel. Quiet. 10 gns. p.w. MAI. 0766.

HIGHGATE Wds. Furn. flat, redec., dble bed., lnge. k., use b. 5 gns. TUD. 8207.

REALLY pleasant s/c. furnished flat for two. W11. 6 gns. PARk 5897.

NW2. Furn. flat, bedrm, large sit. rm. kit., pleas. hse, £5. GLA. 4574.

FURN. s/c. flat to let, lower grnd flr. 2 rms, kit. & bth combined. Own phone & front door. W8. £312 p.a. WES. 0497.

SHARE s/c. flat 20 min. Piccadilly. Intelligent m. MAI. 9950 after 7 p.m.

VIRTUALLY share mod. flat, own furn. b/s. 15ft x 13ft., Gunnersbury. Picc. 20 min. Prof. man/senr student. £2 p.w. ACO. 4714 evgs, wkends, or Box 1460.

CONGENIAL atmosphere, music/lit. ints. Lge sgle rm Hampstead, £3; also sm. 1 rm flatlet nr Baker St, 70s. HAM. 8109.

PERSONAL Accommodation Services Ltd inspect and let the best flats and rooms in Hampstead and surrounding areas. 28 Church Row, NW3. HAM. 0027.

GRAD., lady, 28, wishes to share her Hampstead flat with another (Jewish). SW1. 2744 evgs/weekend.

FURN. double rooms to let, with h. & c. water. Maida Vale. CUN. 9826.

A LARGE room & kitchenette for two gentlemen in non-U Maida Vale. 4½ gns. All services. Housekeeper. CUN. 9665.

RIGHT fellow reqd for 2-rm flat, prof. house 15 mins City. 75s. WIM. 0168.

HIGHGATE Wds. Lge rm bach. flatlet exc. furn. nr bus/tube. £3 wk inc. c.h.w., clng, el., use frig, bath. MOU. 5196 aft. 6.

NEWLY converted & dec. garden flat, Highgate. Suitable studio. £250 p.a. excl., £100 towards conv. & dec. TUD. 0516.

BED-sit., usual fac. Highgate, mod. rent reduction baby-sit. Box 1229.

LUX. b/s., all carpeted own mod. house, 1 min. Stn NW11, c.h. & h. & c. with garage. MEA. 2533, 10 a.m. & 7-8 p.m.

B/S., priv. mod. hse. Bk shelves, serv., brkfst. 2 mins tube/buses. CUN. 3417.

LARGE sunny room in Nash terrace 2 mins Baker St. Newly decorated, fully furnished, electric cooker, h. & c., telephone, share bathroom. 5 gns. p.w. AMB. 5206.

BED-sitter, own cooker & sink unit, linen etc. provided. 2½ gns. GUL. 6288.

FURN. flatlet. Own entrance & W.C. Share bath. Linen etc. provided. 2 friends (f.) £2 each. GUL. 6288.

DESIR. b/s., newly dec., opp. Queen's Wd, Highgate. Own water/gas. TUD. 7904.

PLEASANT furn. flat, sit./room, bedroom, din./kit. fully equipped. 4 gns. or reduced return house-help. CHIswick 0441.

CHARMING balcony b/s., mod. block, every con. Bfst optl. WC area. Box 1342.

BED-sit., single, quiet hse, suit bachelor. Service, ckg facs. WIL. 2398.

THIRD girl, mid-twenties, to share Hampstead flat with two graduates. Own room. 2½ gns per week. Box 1356.

2 MINS Royal Oak, 7 mins Bayswater. S/c. furn. flat, sgle, dble or 2 sgle. 5 gns excl. & less. BAY. 5374 after 6.30 p.m.

WIMBLEDON Common. Unfurnished maisonette to let (4 rooms, k & b.) to couple with young children. £4 per week excl. if willing redecorate. Box 1309.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club. 200 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

KEW Gardens. Lge comf. b/s., own kit.-bathrm adjg. in priv. house, for quiet tenant. RIC. 2717 before 9 a.m.

FULLY fur. studio-b/s. in charm. period house Barnes. 4 gns. p.w. RIV. 3774.

RICHMOND 5 mins stn. Furn. flat 3 rms, bath, tel. 4½ gns. BUS. 1911.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

PRODUCER (BBC) seeks s/c. small furn. flat/flatlet conv. W. End. Box 968.

DOCTOR & wife urgently require flat. SW. London area. Box 1355.

BRIT. colonial stud. (f.) reqs sgle bed/sit.; ckg facs. Chelsea/S. Ken. Box 1320.

PROPERTY WANTED

COUNTRY cottage 1½ acres anywhere, not more than £500. Box 1327.

OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN, WC2

Box Office: Tel. COVent Garden 1066

COVENT GARDEN OPERA

11 & 13 Jan. at 7.30 La Traviata
15 Jan. at 7.30 Cavalleria Rusticana and Pagliacci
16 Jan. at 7.30 The Tales of Hoffmann

THE ROYAL BALLET

12 Jan. at 7.30
& 16 Jan. at 2.15 Cinderella
14 Jan. at 7.30 The Prince of the Pagodas

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
TER. 1672

OPERA SEASON

12 Jan. at 7.30 The Marriage of Figaro
13 Jan. at 7.30 The Merry Widow
14 Jan. at 7.30 Cinderella (La Cenerentola)
15 Jan. at 7.30 Duke Blue Beard's Castle, Oedipus Rex
16 Jan. at 2.30 Hansel and Gretel
16 Jan. at 7.30 Duke Blue Beard's Castle, Oedipus Rex

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Daily 2.30 & 6.30 except Suns. 'Beauty and the Beast'. Mems.

IRVING, WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls. Now in its 4-yr. Cont. revue fr. 2.30, Sun. 4. Call/send 27s. 6d. for mems' ticket.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30. Th. 2.30. Sat. 5 & 8.15. 'One Way Pendulum' Funniest play in London. T. C. Worsley.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. Evngs. 8. 'Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'Be'. Mats. 2.30 'Princess and the Swineherd'.

TOWER. 7.30. Joan Littlewood's version of 'A Christmas Carol'. 8, 9, 13-16, 21-23 Jan., incl. Mats 16 & 23 Jan. Book now: CAN. 3475 (9-6) & CAN. 5111 (6-8.30), Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'Bloomsday', new play by Alan McClelland, based on Joyce's Ulysses. Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall Recital Room. Brecht. Thursday 21 Jan. 8.15 p.m. Songs by Weil, Eisler, Dessau. Sung by Hedli Anderson. Tickets 9s., 7s., 4s.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Daily 11 a.m. (Ex Suns). The Comedie Francaise in Moliere's Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 10 Jan.: Guinness in 'The Man in the White Suit' (U). From 11 Jan.: Japanese Film Season: 'The Seven Samurai' (X).

ICA. 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Today, Saturday, 9 January, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s., their guests 5s. Members' Party. For ICA Members only. Dancing to the Dean Wilson Trio. Cabaret Act by Professor Bruce Lacey. Wednesday, 13 January, 8.30 p.m.-11 p.m.

EXHIBITIONS

BRIGHTON ART GALLERY
Church Street
SCOTTISH CRAFTS
An Exhibition of pottery, silver, engraved glass, rugs, tapestry, printed textiles, lithography, furniture.
Arranged by The Scottish Craft Centre.
Until 17 January.
Weekdays: 10-7. Sundays: 2-6.
Admission free.

CHILDREN'S Paintings and Craft Work. Work by children aged from five to sixteen is now invited for the thirteenth annual National Exhibition of Children's Art. The closing date for entries is 2 March, 1960. Write now for leaflet giving rules and conditions of entry to: National Exhibition of Children's Art Dept. Sunday Pictorial, Fetter Lane, London, EC4.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place. Marble Arch, W2. Drian Artists Exhibition 1960, till 31 Jan. 10-6.

PORTAL Gallery, 16a Grafton St, Bond St, W1. Pntngs Jardine & Tilson 6 Jan.

LEICESTER Galleries Annual New Year Exhibition. Leicester Sq., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAYfair 4419. Annual Sculpture Exhibition. Until 16 Jan. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine, and other exhibitions Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Admission free.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Sculpture: Theo Crosby. Objects: Peter Blake. Libraries: John Latham. 7-30 January. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free.

WATERCOLOURS from Whitworth Gallery, Manchester University. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square. Till 6 Feb. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s.

NUDES of Jean Straker—Photography. 12-9, 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

WADDINGTON Galleries: paintings Minna Citron, 10-6, Saturdays, 10-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery, High St, E1. 'Pictures for Schools' Exhibition organised by the Society for Education Through Art. 8-31 January. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6. (Closed Mons.). Admission free.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. New pntgs by Alistair Grant. 6-29 Jan.

JAMES WARD. Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 31 Jan. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Sun. 2-6. Adm. 2s. 6d.

KAPLAN Gallery. Paintings by Maurice Collis. 6 Duke St, St James's.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

Royal Festival Hall

The Society for Cultural Relations with the USSR
presents in ENGLISH
the Lecture of the Year
'CONQUEST OF SPACE'
by
Professor ALLA MASEVICH
(Vice-President of the Astronomical Council USSR Academy of Sciences Moscow) intro. by Patrick Moore, FRAS

Illustrated with a special film of Soviet Sputniks and Space Rockets.

SATURDAY 6 FEBRUARY at 2.30 p.m.

Tickets from 13 January—15s., 12s. 6d., 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. from Box Office (WAT. 3191) and usual Agents.

BOYCOTT SOUTH AFRICAN GOODS
1 to 31 MARCH
A delegate Conference of Organisations supporting the Boycott will be held at Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1. on 17 JANUARY at 2.30 p.m. Details and Credential forms from the Organising Secretary,
South African Boycott Movement,
293 New Kings Road, SW6.
REN. 3050.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. A Everett Jones, 'Advertising and the Public Concern', 13 Jan., 7.30, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Secretary, 42a Westbere Rd, NW2.

SOUTH African Freedom Assn. 'The Accra African Trade Union Conference': Report by Tennyson Makiwane at Flat No. 1, 73 Greencroft Gardens, NW6, on Sunday 10 January, 8 p.m. All welcome.

NLR Literature & Politics Study Group. The Political Novel. 1. Principles of Criticism. A. Alvarez. 8 p.m. 14 January. Left Book Centre, 7 Carlisle Street, W1.

CONFERENCE of Trade Unionists: 'The H Bomb and You', 7.45 p.m., Wed., 13 Jan., Plough Road Baths, Battersea, SW11. Peter Duncan, Ernie Roberts.

DAILY Worker Discussion Conference 'Which Way For Labour?' St Pancras Town Hall, London, Sunday, 17 January, 1960, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Invitations for organisations from Conference Secretary, 75 Farringdon Road, EC1.

HOW People Vote'—Richard Pear, Lecturer in Political Science, LSE. Wed. 13 Jan. 7.30; ULR Left Book Centre, 7 Carlisle St, Soho Square, W1. Adm. 2s. Sociology Group, Progressive League.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. The 50's. Symposium on The Novel. Speakers: Olivia Manning, Dan Jacobson, Peter Vansittart, Alan Sillitoe. Chairman: Karl Miller. Thurs., 14 January at 8.15 p.m. Admission 3s., Members 1s. 6d.

COLLET'S Talks. Dr. Joseph Needham FRS on 'The Social & Philosophical Background to Contemporary China', Friday 22 Jan. 7.30. Caxton Hall, Westminster, SW1. 2s. Collet's, 66 Charing X Rd, WC2.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

SILLITOE'S First Public Lecture. 11 Jan. 8 p.m. Toynbee Hall, E1. East London Fabian Society. Another big event, Sun. afternoon 31 Jan. Townsend, White, Richler, Shore, Moonman. Detls: Pryke, BIS. 9365.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8 Sun. 10 Jan. 6.30 Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'The Future of Man': H. J. Blackham.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghanananda, Suns, 5 p.m. Upanishads Mag.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

JAMES Symington will give a Recital of Folk Songs at the American Library, 41 Grosvenor Square, London, W1, on 12 January at 8.30 p.m. Admission Free.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 15 January, 7.30 p.m. Soviet Films: 'My Daughter', 'Tchaikovsky Festival'.

YOU are a VIP!—you finance the government. But how much do you know about Inflation, Currency, Imports, Taxation, Wages, Profits, Subsidies, etc? 10-week courses in Basic Economics & Social Philosophy begin on Tues. & Thurs. 19 and 21 Jan. at 7 p.m. in Victoria. (Total charge 5s. includes textbook) Write for prospectus to Henry George School of Social Science, 177 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1, or 'phone VIC. 4266—or enrol on the opening night.

BECOME your own Economist! Classes as above also in Enfield, Muswell Hill, New Eltham, Welling, Godalming, Hornchurch, Isle of Wight, Portsmouth, Cardiff, Liverpool, Dundee & Glasgow—write/phone for partics (as above). Courses also by correspondence.

BIRMINGHAM Left Club. Arden Hotel, New St, 15 Jan., 8 p.m. 'Future of the Welfare State': Brian Abel-Smith.

NEW Realm Study Group. The study of Ouspensky's teaching. Livingstone House, 42 Broadway SW1. Every Wed. comm. 13 Jan., 7 p.m. Adm. 2s.

LONDON Film Group Opening Meeting. Left Book Centre, 7 Carlisle St, W1. 6 & 8.15 p.m., Sun., 10 Jan. 'The Underdog'. Adm. 1s. mems, 2s. non-mems. Membership 5s. p.a.

BEN Uri Literary Circle. Poetry Reading: Taner Baybars, Royston Ellis, and Bernard Kops will read from their own work. Sun. 10 Jan. 8 p.m. 14 Portman St. W1. Visitors: 2s. 6d.

IWC London Branch. Fri., 15 Jan., 8.30. 'The London of Elizabeth I' (Illus.), Martin R. Holmes 62 Queen's Gdns. W2. PAD. 0688. Public lecture. Free.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30. Sun., 10 Jan. Peace News, 5 Caledonian Rd, Kings Cross. A. H. Haffenden: 'Graalist Thinking'.

GOD and Prayer'. Public Lect. 10 Jan., 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT. 62, Queen's Gdns. W2 PAD. 0688.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 10 Jan., Rev. R. W. Sorensen, MP: 'The old religions in a new era'. Write for free 'Monthly Record'. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m.

CONWAY Discussions. S. Place Ethical Soc. Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 12 Jan. G. G. Saldji 'Overpopulation and poverty'.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

NORTH-WESTERN POLYTECHNIC
Prince of Wales Road, Kentish Town, NW5. Telephone GULliver 1154.

INTENSIVE FULL-TIME SECRETARIAL COURSE (18 weeks)
(Shorthand, Typewriting, etc.) Commencing date: 15 February, 1960. Fee £15.

AN INTRODUCTORY COURSE ON THE HISTORY OF ART
Twelve illustrated lectures by G. Huehns, BA, Ph.D, FRHist.S. Commencing date: 20 January, 1960 from 2.00-4.00 p.m. Fee £1 1s.

READING EFFICIENCY
7.45-9.15 p.m. Mondays, 12 weeks; or 6.15-7.45 p.m. Tuesdays, 12 weeks. Beginning 11 or 12 January 1960. Fee £1 1s.

REPORT WRITING
6.15-7.45 p.m. Mondays, 12 weeks. Beginning 11 January, 1960. Fee £1 1s.

EFFECTIVE SPEAKING
6.15-7.45 p.m. Thursdays, 12 weeks; or 7.45-9.15 p.m. Thursdays, 12 weeks. Beginning 14 January, 1960. Fee £1 1s.
Telephone: GULliver 1154.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

UNIVERSITY College London (Gower St. WC1) Professor Kenneth M. Stampp (University of California, Berkeley) will give the Commonwealth Fund Lectures in American History entitled 'The Era of Reconstruction, 1865-1877' on 18, 21, 25, 28 January, 1, 4, 8, 11 February at 5 p.m. Adm Free. Without Ticket—E. A. L. Gueterbock, Sec.

UNIVERSITY College London (Gower St. WC1). Professor Alonzo Church (Princeton) will give the Shearman Memorial Lectures entitled 'Logic and Meaning' on 19, 21, 26, 28 January at 5.30 p.m. Adm. Free. Without Ticket—E. A. L. Gueterbock, Sec.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS AND POLITICAL SCIENCE

Applications are invited from experienced social workers, male and female, for places in the Mental Health Course, a one-year full-time course commencing October 1960. Grants for fees and maintenance available for suitable applicants.

This training qualifies for psychiatric social work in Child Guidance Clinics, Mental Hospitals and Local Authority Mental Health Service. It is also valuable for all kinds of social workers who wish for further supervised case-work experience in a psychiatric setting.

Candidates must hold a degree or certificate in the Social Sciences and have had practical training and full-time employment in social work. The minimum age for acceptance is 22 years, but preference is given to those between 24 and 35. Applications should be made as soon as possible and not later than 1 March 1960 (31 January 1960 for oversea applicants).

Further particulars may be obtained from the Tutor, Mental Health Course, London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, WC2, where the course will be held.

MOOR Park College, Farnham, Surrey—Residential week-end Courses. 29-31 January, 'Communism in Theory and Practice'. Some grants available. Programmes from Director of Studies. (Tel. 6401).

GOLDERS Green WEA. 12 Lecture Courses Jan. Tues. 12 Neurosis and Psychoanalysis. 1005 Finchley Rd. Tues. 12 Modern Plays Thurs. 14 Individual and Society Golders Green Library. All 8 p.m. Wed. 13 10.15 a.m. Design in the Home. 56 Corringham Road. Fees 8s. 6d. MEA. 1501.

ELIZABETHANS Then And Now (Part II). A course in dance and music will be conducted by Lisa Ullmann, Geraldine Stephenson, John Dalby, on Saturdays, 23 January, 13 February, 1960, in Queen Mary Hall, YWCA, Great Russell Street, WC1. Details from Secretary, Laban Art of Movement Centre, Woburn Hill, Addlestone, Surrey. Tel. Weybridge 2464.

BRAZILIAN Portuguese. A part-time Course, sponsored by the Brazilian Government Trade Bureau, will commence 26 Jan. 1960. Further detls: Principal, Language Tuition Centre, 26-32 Oxford St, W1.

FRENCH Correspondence Courses: (1) Complete French Course (2) Basic French for Conversation (3) Translation Courses. Send for prospectus. French Conversation classes. Day, evening and lunch-time classes, private lessons. Beginners to Advanced, all with French teachers. Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, WC2 (opp. Garrick Theatre). TRAfalgar 2044.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club. 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

EXPERT language tuition English or French. MAI. 5751.

CH/TYPING priv. tuition. Mable Eyles, 10 Beaconsfield Rd, N11. ENT 3324.

TUITION by Post for GCE. Lond. Univ. Degrees. Diplomas; Law Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prospectus (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

LECTURE COURSES, etc—cont. on p. 53

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By air frieght to W. Africa 90s.; *E. Africa* 95s.; *S. Africa (Johannesburg), India* 98s.; *Singapore & Malaya* 105s.; *Australia* 130s.
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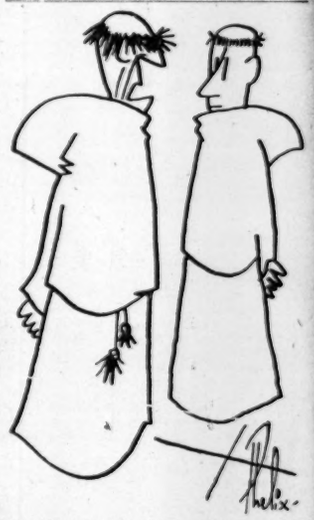
NEW STATESMAN Great Turnstile London WC1



'I washed it last night and I can't do a thing with it.'

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